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ART OF LOVE:

TOGETHER WITH HIS

REMEDY OF LOVE:

TRANSLATED BY

EMINENT PERSONS.

To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind. ART OF LOVE.

LONDON:

Printed for Martin and Wain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1795.



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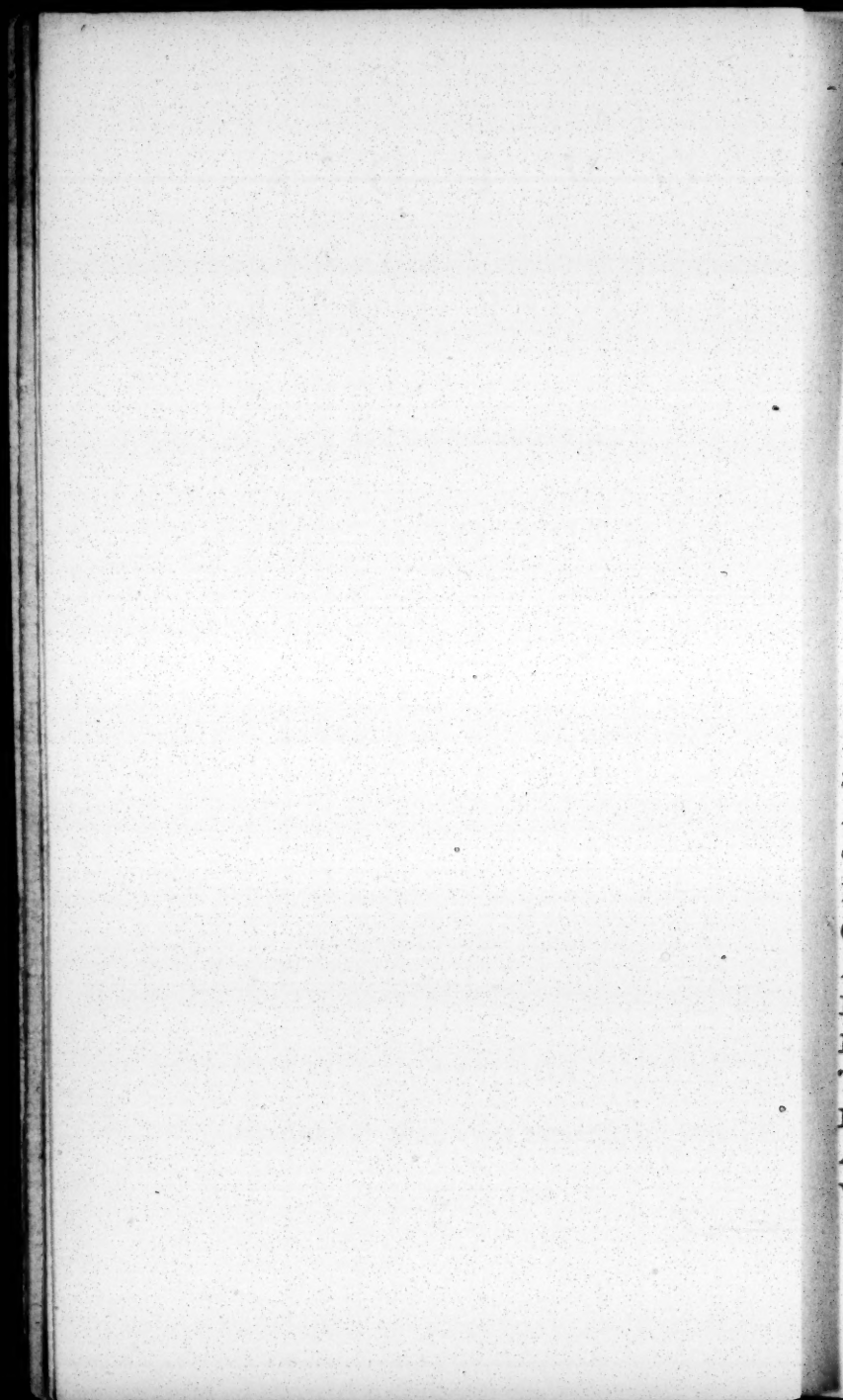
DRYDEN, || CONGREVE,
AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

I'll now unteach the Art I taught before;
The Hand that wounded shall your Health restore.
REMEDY OF LOVE.

LONDON;

Printed for Martin and Bain, Fleet-Street.

Anno 1795.



O V I D ' S
A R T O F L O V E .

B O O K I .

TRANSLATED BY MR. DRYDEN.

IN Cupid's school, whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing art their vessels move,
Art guides the chariot : art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule ; 5
But I am master in love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god : but yet the god's a child :
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage : 10
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art ; and taught his warlike hands to wind

The silver strings of his melodious lyre, 15
 So Love's fair goddess does my soul inspire
 To teach her softer arts; to sooth the mind,
 And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.

Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn
 And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.
 The bull reclaim'd, and yok'd, the burden draws; 21
 The horse receives the bit within his jaws.
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
 Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey
 He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts; 25
 But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
 The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
 Nor auspice from the flight of chatt'ring birds. 30
 Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen,
 As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
 Experience makes my work a truth so try'd,
 You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence ye vestals be, who bind your hair; 35
 And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
 I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
 Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
 Which all alike, for love, or money find. }

You, who in Cupid's roll inscribe your name, 40
 First seek an object worthy of your flame;

Then strive with art, your lady's mind to gain :
And last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all our work shall move :
These are the rules and principles of love. 45

Before your youth with marriage is opprest,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best :
And such a damsel drops not from the sky ;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler in the winding brook, 50
Knows what the fish, and where to bait the hook.

The fowler and the huntsman know by name,
The certain haunts, and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds ;
Th' assemblies where his quarry most abounds. 55
Nor shall my novice wander far astray ;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.

Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went :
For *Rome* alone affords thee such a store, 60
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the *Roman* sphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth ; 65
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth ;
Here may'st thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight ;)

Millions of matrons of the graver sort, 70
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.

In summer's heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico ;
Or Concord's fane ; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburbs rise ;
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast.
Or Venus' temple ; where, on annual nights, 80
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love.
Nor Isis' temple ; for that sacred whore
Make others, what to Jove she was before, 8
And if the hall itself be not bely'd,
E'en there the cause of love is often try'd.
Near it at least, or in the palace yard ;
From whence the noisy combatants are heard,
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown, 90
There gain another's cause but lose their own.
Their eloquence is nonplust in the suit ;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles ; 95
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.

But above all, the play-house is the place ;
There's choice of quarry it that narrow chace.
There take thy stand and sharply looking out, 100 }
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout ; }
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair :
Like ants on mole-hills, thither they repair ;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng, 105
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice :
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice :
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run ;
Some to undo, and some to be undone. 110

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man ;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply :
Providing Sabine women for his braves, 115
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house, not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd :
No scenes in prospect, no machining god. 120
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye ;

And whom he saw most suiting to his mind, 125
 For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
 Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
 But ere the dances and the song were past,
 The monarch gave the signal from his throne:
 And rising, bade his merry men fall on. 130
 The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
 Just at the word (the word too was the best)
 With joyful cries each other animate;
 Some chuse, and some at hazard seize their mate.
 As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs, 135
 So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
 Their fear was one, but not one face of fear:
 Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair,
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair. }
 Her absent mother, one invokes in vain; 140 }
 One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain; }
 The nimbler trust their feet the slow remain. }
 But nought availing, all are captives led,
 Trembling and blushing, to the genial bed.
 She who too long resisted, or deny'd, 145
 The lusty lover made by force a bride; [side. }
 And with superior strength, compell'd her to his }
 Then sooth'd her thus!—my soul's far better part,
 Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
 For what thy father to thy mother was, 150
 That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass!

Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king! 155

Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scene of love.
Nor shun the chariots and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.

No need is there of talking on the hand; 160
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.

But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers; and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit;
For so the laws of public shows permit. 165

Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind:

Like what she likes, from thence your court begin;
And whom she favours wish that he may win.

But when the statues of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise. }

If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand; 175
Brush both away with your officious hand.

If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence,

Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain; }
But gently take it up and wipe it clean; 181 }
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his ineroaching knee should press the fair. 185
Light service takes light minds; for some can tell
Of favours won by laying cushions well:
By fanning faces, some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These overtures of love the Circus gives; 190
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft received from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake, 195
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come; 200
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome!
In this vast concourse in this choice of game;
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to maks us glad;
And the remaining east to Rome will add. 205

Rejoice ye Roman soldiers in your urns,
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return :
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand ;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand : 210
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen,
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press ; 215
And in his cradle did his sire confess.
Bacchus a boy, yet like a hero fought ;
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight ;
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right. 220
These rudiments you to your lineage owe ;
Born to increase your titles as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain ;
You have a father and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own, 225
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause ;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome ;
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome. 230
Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join ;
To give a prosp'rous omen to your line :
One of you is, and one shall be divine.

I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome :
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home. 235
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms,
O were my numbers equal to your arms,
Then would I sing the Parthians overthrow :
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow.
The Parthians, who already flying fight ; 240
Already give an Omen of their flight.
O, when will come the day, by heav'n design'd,
When thou the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side ; 245
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight ;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy ; too good to end in night !
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee,
Some Beauty sits the spectacle to see : 250
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st ; and if need be,
Of things unknown, seem to speak knowingly :
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds ; and there
Flows the swift Tigris, with his sea-green hair. 256
Invent new names of things unknown before ;
Call this Armenia ; that the Caspian shore :
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth :
Talk probably ; no matter for the truth. 260

In feasts, as at our shews, new means abound;
More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found;
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays;
And love, betwixt the horns of Bacchus, plays:
Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught, 265
Brisk Vapours add new vigour to the thought,
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin love. 270
Wine warms the blood and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truth it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again. 276
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance; 281
But sober and by day, thy suit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat and all deformities 285
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The Sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.

Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound ;
'Tis loss of time ; and a too fruitful ground. 290
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride, [glide ;
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought ;
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburbies, 295
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found. 300
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend,
And all you vulgar of my school attend :

First then believe, all women may bewon : 305
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring ;
Than women can resist your flatt'ring skill :
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will. 310
To secret pleasure both the sexes move ;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare ;
Avow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame : 315
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game

Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they ;
And more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her love declare ;
And had recourse to death in her despair. 320
Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought ;
And lov'd ; but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree she stills her od'rous tears ;
Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.

In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd ; 325
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd ;
A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows :
The love and wish of all the Cretan cows. }
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd ; 330
And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast ;
And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.
A story known, and known for true, I tell ;
Nor Crete, tho' lying, can the truth conceal. 335
She cut him grass ; (so much can love command)
She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand :
Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam ;
And Minos by the bull was overcome. brows.

Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows. 341
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes ;
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies :

Yet trust thy mirrour when it tells thee true ;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view. 345
Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem,
To thy fair rivals to be horn'd like them.
If Minos please, no lover seek to find ;
If not, at least seek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes ;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes : 351
She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees ;
Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please !
And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart. 355
She said ; and straight commands with frowning look,
To put her undeserving to the yoke,
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes :
Then when the bloody priest has done his part ; 360
Pleas'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart ;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain ;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.

Now she would be Europa-----lo now,
(One bore a bull: and one was made a cow.) 365
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd ;
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd :
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire ;
Till, by his form, the son betray'd his sire.

If Atreus' wife to incest had not run, 370
But ah, how hard it is to love but one !

His coursers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
'To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear. 375
At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life;
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail: 380
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit;
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory:
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny. 385
All women are content that men should woo:
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love:
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind 390
Is frail and vain; and still to change inclin'd?
Old husbands, and stale galants they despise;
And more another's than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field,
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield. 395
First gain the maid: by her thou shalt be sure
A free access, and easy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue,

Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs;
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is when they find her in a merry mood, 405
When all things at her wish and pleasure move,
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injur'd fair: 415
And sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand.
Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer,
And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all, 420
For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance. 425
One maid corrupted, bawds the better for't,
Another for herself would keep the sport.

Thy bus'ness may be further'd or delay'd,
But by my counsel let alone the maid:
E'en though she should consent to do the feat, 430
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe and broad.
Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend;
And her good face her diligence commend: 435
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But this I will advise, and mark my words,
For 'tis the best advice my skill affords:
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin; 440
Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win:
For then the secret better will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's int'rest to beware,
The bird entangled should not 'scape the snare. 445
The fish once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook;
And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring brook.
But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way;
And for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say. }
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy: 451
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the stations of their seasons keep;
And certain times there are to sow and reap.

Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay, 455 }
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea : }
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design :
But think another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home, 460 }
Or when she views the public shows of Rome, }
Know all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and when thou canst, begin ;
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin ; 466
Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain :
Not when the Romans were in Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood ;
Where she's in humour, ev'ry day is good. 470
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse ; }
When bribes and presents must be sent of course : }
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
Be stanch ; yet parsimony will be vain :
The craving sex will still the lover drain. 475
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove ;
They will be begging when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day ,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice ; 480
Then begs again, to bargain for the price :

But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you. 485
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line:
A little bill not to be paid at sight;
(Now curse the time when you were taught to
write.)

She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer;
And she'll be born a hundred times a year. 491
With daily lyes she dribs thee into cost;
That ear-ring dropp'd a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away. 495
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be weary'd ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dang'rous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way, 500
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich. 505
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay:
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.

Who gives is mad ; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promises afford, 510
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love :
But get it *gratis* ; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before. 515
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydeppe by a letter was betray'd, 520
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage vow ;
(And ev'ry cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome ;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome : 525
Sweet words, the people and the senate move ;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts ;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts ;
None but vain fools to simple women preach ; 530
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar stile your thoughts convey ;
And write such things, as present you would say ;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move :
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love. 535

If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read;
Yet hope, in time, the bus'ness may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restive horse will bear the bit.
E'en the hard plough-share, use will wear away;
And stubborn steel in length of time decay. 541
Water is soft; and marble hard; and yet
We see, soft water through hard marble eat.
Tho' late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more, Penelope had tir'd. 545
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For she who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain; 550
And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Mean time, if she be carried in her chair
Approach; but do not seem to know she's there. 555
Speak softly to delude the standers by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too, for that's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:
But when the crowd permits, go side by side. 561
Nor in the Play-house let her sit alone;
For she's the Play-house and the Play in one.

There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance. 565
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains.
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop ; nor curl your hair, 570
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To Eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found ;
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care ; 576
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical ; but yet be clean ;
And wear well-fashion'd cloaths like other men
Let not your teeth be yellow or be foul ; 580
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard beware,
And let a skilful barber cut your hair:
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd ;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard. 585
Cure your unsav'ry breath ; gargle your throat :
And free your arm-pits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little, or too much :
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites : 590
Who would not follow when a god invites ?

He helps the poet, and his pen inspires ;
Kind and indulgent to his former fires ?

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore

Forsaken now ; and Theseus loves no more : 595

Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair,

Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare :

Exclaiming, on the waters' brink she stood,

Her briny tears augment the briny flood.

She shriek'd and wept, and both became her face ;

No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace. 601

She beat her breast : The traitor's gone, said she,

What shall become of poor forsaken me ?

What shall become-----she had not time for more,

The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore. 605

She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground ;

No vital heat was in her body found.

The Mimallonian dames about her stood,

And scudding satyrs ran before their god.

Silenus on his ass did next appear, 610

And held upon the mane (the god was clear)

The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire ;

Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken
sire.

At last he topples over on the plain ;

The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again. 615

And now the god of wine came driving on,

High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn.

Her colour, voice and sense forsook the fair ;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear. 620
She shook like leaves of corn when tempests blow ;
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
To whom the god,----- Compose thy fearful mind ;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heav'n I will endow thee ; and thy star 625
Shall with propitious light be seen afar ;
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
He said ; and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim Tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waste he threw ; 630
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do :)
And swiftly bore her thence : th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the Nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep :
The bridegrom's liquor lays the bride asleep. 635
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side ;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours,
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer ; 640
Which she may know were all address to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name :
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires,
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires) 645

Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup ;
And where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her head advance ;
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.

Thy service e'en her husband must attend : 650

(A husband is a most convenient friend.)

Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place ;
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.

Whether below or equal in degree,

Let him be lord of all the company ; 655 }

And what he says, be seconded by thee.

'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name :

But common though it be, 'tis still to blame.

Thus factors frequently their trust betray ;

And to themselves their masters gains convey, 660

Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er :

Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.

Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware ;

Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.

Eurytion justly fell, by wine opprest, 665

For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.

Sing, if you have a voice ; and shew your parts

In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.

Do any thing within your power to please ;

Nay, e'en effect a seeming drunkenness ; 670

Clip ev'ry word ; and if by chance you speak

Too home ; or if too broad a jest you break ;

In your excuse the company will join,
 And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
 True drunkenness is subject to offend ; 675
 But when'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
 Then safely you may praise her beauteous face ;
 And call him happy who is in her grace.
 Her husband thinks himself the man design'd ;
 But curse the cuckold in your secret mind. 680
 When all are risen, and prepare to go ;
 Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy court ;
 For now she's in the vein and fit for sport.
 Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by ; 685
 To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
 On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold ;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
 No rules of rhetoric here I need afford :
 Only begin, and trust the following word ; 690
 It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover, let thy speech abound
 In dying words, that represent thy wound ;
 Distrust not her belief ; she will be mov'd :
 All women think they merit to be lov'd. 695

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest ;
 And after, feels the torments he possest.
 For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair ;
 For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.

By flatteries we prevail on womankind ; 700

As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.

Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet :

Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.

Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear ;

Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear. 705

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd ;

And still they grieve that Venus was prefer.

Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train :

Be silent, and he pulls it in again.

Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race ; 710

Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.

But largely promise, and devoutly swear ;

And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.

Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile,

The perjuries that easy maids beguile. 715

He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake :

Forsworn, he dares not an-example make ;

Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.

'Tis for our int'rest that th' gods should be ;

Let us believe 'em : I believe they see, 720

And both reward and punish equally.

Not that they live above like lazy drones,

Or kings below, supine upon their thrones :

Lead then your lives at present in their sight ;

Be just in dealings, and defend the right ; 725

By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.

But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair ;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd ;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.

739

'Tis said, that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.
The king reply'd : On thee the lot shall fall,
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all.

735

Thus Phalaris, Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.

A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,

'Tis the artificers of death should die.

740

Thus justly women suffer by deceit ;
Their practice authorises us to cheat.

Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant ;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.

If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or, 'noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.

745

Kiss, if you can : resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.

Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of course ;
She struggles but to be subdu'd by force.

750

Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,

With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.

He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.

If once she kiss, her meaning is exprest ; 755

There wants but little pushing for the rest ;

Which if thou dost not gain by strength or art,

30

The name of clown then suits with thy desert ;

'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.

Perhaps she calls it force, but if she 'scape, 760

She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

ag.

The sex is cunning to conceal their fires ;

35

They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.

They seem t' accuse you with a down-cast sight,

But in their souls confess you did them right. 765

Who might be forc'd, and yet untouched depart,

40

Thank with their tongues but curse you with their

Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer, [heart.

To their dull mates, the noble ravisher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore, 770

The tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.

45

When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,

And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd :

When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,

The Trojans joyful while the Grecians griev'd : 775

They vow'd revenge of violated laws,

And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause ;

50

Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,

Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.

What means Æacides to spin and sew ? 780

With spear and sword in field thy valour show !

And leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.

Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine, 785
The same the fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and by his seeming sex betray'd, 790 }
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggl'd, but withal 'tis thought
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought. 795
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part; 800
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
'This is the sex; they will not first begin,
But when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin. 805
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.

'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind ; 810

They but expect th' occasion to be kind.

Ask, that thou may'st enjoy ; she waits for this :

And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.

E'en Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love ;

None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove. 815

But if you find your pray'rs increase her pride,

Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.

They fly when we pursue ; but make delay,

And when they see you slacken, they will stay.

Sometimes it profits to conceal your end ; 820

Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.

How many skittish girls have thus been caught ?

He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.

Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made ;

A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade. 825

'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair ;

Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.

Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,

Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown ;

But if the lover hopes to be in grace, 830

Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.

That colour from the fair, compassion draws :

She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.

Orion wander'd in the woods for love,

His paleness did the nymphs to pity move ; 835 }

His ghastly visage argu'd hidden love.

Nor fail a night-cap in full health to wear,
 Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
 All things are decent that in love avail.
 Read long by night, and study to be pale. 840
 Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest,
 Be miserable that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most? }
 Faith, truth and friendship in the world are lost; }
 A little and an empty name they boast. 845 }
 Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise;
 If he believe, thou may'st a rival raise.
 'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
 Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
 Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd; 850
 E'en Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
 But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
 Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
 The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow,
 Or, from the furzes, pears and apples grow. 855
 We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain,
 And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
 From rival foes you may the fair defend,
 But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend.
 Beware your brother, and your next of kin, 860
 But from your bosom-friend your care begin.

Here had I ended, but experience finds,
 That sundry women are of sundry minds;

With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please,
They therefore must be caught by various ways. 865

All things are not produc'd in any soil ;

This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.

So 'tis in men, but more in women-kind ;

Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind. }

But wise men shift their sails with ev'ry wind : }

As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape, 871

And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape.

A running stream, a standing tree became,

A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb. 874

Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,

Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook :

So turn thyself, and, imitating them,

Try sev'ral tricks, and change thy stratagem.

One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold,

The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.

Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid ; 881

Broad words will make her innocence afraid.

Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning speak,

She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.

And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun 885

The learn'd, and into wild embraces run.

Part of my task is done, and part to do :

But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.



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O V I D' s
A R T O F L O V E.

B O O K II.

TRANSLATED BY MR. YALDEN.

Now lo Pæan sing ! now wreaths prepare !
And with repeated Ios fill the air :
The prey is fall'n in my successful toils,
My artful nets inclose the lovely spoils.
My numbers now, ye smiling lovers, crown, 5
And make your poet deathless in renown :
With lasting fame my verse shall be enroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their ravish'd bride, to Ida's distant shore ; 10
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquish'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth ! your bark's but under sail ;
The distant port requires a prosp'rous gale.

'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found, 15
And with my aid your artful passion crown'd :
The conquests our successful conduct gain'd,
With art must be secur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize ;
There all the toil and threat'ning danger lies. 20
If ever, Cupid now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid ; thou charming queen of love !
Kind Erato, let thy auspicious name
Inspire the work, and raise my gen'rous flame.
The labour's great ! a method I design 25
For love ; and will the fetter'd god confine :
The god that roves the spacious world around,
In ev'ry clime, and distant region found ;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard. 30
His guest from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring passage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring first confin'd :
Who with a bull, in lew'd embraces join'd :
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confess'd :
Big with a human bull, half man, half beast.
Said he, just Minos, best of human kind,
'Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
Permit me, where I durst not live, to die.
Enlarge my son, if you neglect my tears,
And show compassion to his blooming years :

Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the son, or let his Sire return !
Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain, 45
Nor could the freedom that he sought, obtain.
Convinc'd at length : Now, *Dædalus*, he cry'd,
Here's subject for thy art that's yet untry'd.
Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
No pass the land affords, the deep no way : 50
Heav'n's only free, we'll heav'n's auspicious height
Attempt to pass, where kinder Fates invite ;
Favour ye powers above, my daring flight :
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Instruct our wit, and aid the lab'ring mind : 55
For who can credit men, in wild despair,
Should force a passage thro' the yielding air !
Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
And bound with thread his forming pinions close:
With temper'd wax the pointed end he wrought, 60
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conscious of their use :
To whom the father said, observe aright,
Observe, my son, these instruments of flight. 65
In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
The heav'ns he cannot, all but heav'n he guards ;
Tho' earth and seas elude thy father's care,
These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.

Nor shall my son celestial signs survey, 70
Far from the radiant virgin take your way :
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his falchion dread Orion stands ;
I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
Where-e'er I lead, securely make your flight. 75
For should we upward soar too near the sun,
Dissolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run :
Or near the seas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
A medium keep, the winds observe aright ; 80
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds instruct their tender young :
The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground, 85
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Essay'd their wings, and forth thy launch'd in air :
Now his expanded plumes the artist plies, 90
Regards his son, and leads along the skies ;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight the boy
Bounds in the air, and upward springs with joy.
The angler views them from the distant strand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand. 95
Samos they pass, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.

Now on their right Lebinthos' shores they found,
For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd.
When the aspiring boy forgot his fears, 100
Rash with hot youth and unexperienc'd years :
Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
And his directing father's way forsook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun. 105
From Heav'n he views the fatal depths below,
Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
His struggling arms now no assistance find,
Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain, 110
To aid his flight, and sinking limbs sustain:
His name invokes, 'till the expiring sound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And seeks the absent youth on ev'ry shore ; 115
Where's my lov'd son, my Icarus ! he cries ;
Say in what distant region of the skies,
Or faithless clime the youthful wand'rer flies ! }
Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
The shore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain 121
His flying guests, but did attempt in vain :
Yet the wing'd God shall to our rules submit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit,

>

◦ Thessalian arts in vain rash lovers use, 125
In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse :
The skilfull'st potions ineffectual prove,
Useless are magic remedies in love :
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jason's heart. 130
Nor tempt with philters the disdainful dame ;
They rage inspire, create a frantic flame :
Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your passion worthy of her love.
Distrust your empty form and boasted face, 135
The Nymph engage a thousand nobler ways :
To fix her vanquish'd heart intirely thine,
Accomplish'd graces to your native join.
Beauty's but frail, a charm that soon decays, 140 }
It's lustre fades as rolling years increase,
And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but short-liv'd lily shows,
And prickles that survive the faded rose.
Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise !
Beauty and youth mis-spent are past advice. 145
Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
Those lasting charms survive the fun'ral flame.
With arts and sciences your breast improve,
Of high import are languages in love :
The fam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young, 150
But eloquent and charming with his tongue ;

And yet for him contending beauties strove,
And ev'ry sea-nymph sought the hero's love.
Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,
And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars. 155
Oft she inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate; [frame,
Which with such grace his florid tongue could
The story still was new, tho' still the same.
Now standing on the shores, again declare, 160
Calypso cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a slender wand he bore,
Delineates ev'ry action on the shore.
Here's Troy, says he, then draws the walls in sand,
There Simois flows, here my battalions stand. 165
A field there was; (and then describes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Just thus intrench'd imagine Rhesus lies,
And here we make his warlike steeds our prize.
Much he describ'd, when a destructive wave 170 }
Wash'd off the slender Troy, and rolling gave }
To Rhesus and his tents one common grave. }
Long with delight his charming tongue she heard,
The well-raisd passion in her looks appear'd :
The Goddess weeps to view his spreading sails, 175
So much a soldier with the sex prevails.
Distrust thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There's more requir'd in love than empty show.

With just disdain she treats the haughty mind

'Tis complaisance that makes a beauty kind. 180

The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,

The raging wolf that ev'ry flock alarms :

But the mild swallow none with toils infests,

And none the soft Chaonian bird molests.

Debates avoid, and rude contention shun ; 185

A woman's with submissive language won.

Let the wife rail, and injur'd husband swear,

Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair ;

Discord and strife to nuptial beds belong,

The portion justifies a clam'rous tongue. 190

With tender vows the yielding maid endear,

And let her only sighs and wishes hear.

Contrive with words and actions to delight,

Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.

I no instructions to the rich impart, 195

He needs not, that presents, my useless art :

The giving lover's handsome, valiant, wise,

His happy fortune is above advice.

I to the needy sing ; tho, poor, I love,

And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.

His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door ; 201

I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor.

With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess ;

Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.

Inrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair, 205

Long was I banish'd by the injur'd fair ;

Long mournful nights for this consum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point I tore ;
Falsly she vow'd but I must purchase more. 210
Make not your guilty master's crime your own,
But by my punishment my error shun,
Indecent fury from her sight remove,
No passion let your mistress know, but love,

Yet if the haughty nymph's unkind, and coy, 215
Or shuns your sight ; have patience, and enjoy.
By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bough.
What force resists, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,
But swim with ease, complying with its course. 220
By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atlanta o'er the forest rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeless flame, 225
And weeping, in the woods pursu'd the scornful dame:
On his submissive neck her toils he wore,
And with his mistress chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the savage fair : 230
My soft injunctions less severe you'll find,
Easy to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry mind.
Her wishes never, nor her will withstand ;
Submit, you conquer ; serve, and you'll command.

Her words approve, deny what she denies, 235
Like where she likes, and where she scorns, despise.
Laugh when she smiles : when sad dissolve in tears;
Let ev'ry gesture sympathize with hers.
If she delights, as women will, in play,
Her stakes return, your ready losings pay. 240
When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd mistress ev'ry conquest gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready stand ; 245
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, tho' you sustain the cold,
Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
Think no inferior office a disgrace,
No action, that a mistress gains, is base. 250
The hero that eluded Juno's spite,
And ev'ry monster overcame in fight ;
That past so many bloody labours o'er,
And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he bore :
Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands, 255
And grasps the distaff with obedient hands ;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys ;
And who disdains to act like Hercules ?
If she's at law, be sure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause. 260
With patience at the assignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.

Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from supper she's returning home, 265
And calls her servant, as a servant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down :
Let not the sultry season of the year,
The falling snows, or constant rains deter. 270
Love is a warfare, and ignoble sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both :
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares ;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes. 276
Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd ;
And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd ;
No servile offices the god deny'd ;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride. 280

When all access is to your mistress hard,
When ev'ry door secur'd, and window barr'd ;
The roof untile, some desp'rate passage find :
You cannot be too bold to make her kind ;
Oh how she'll clasp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deserving passion more. 286

Thus thro' the boistrous seas Leander mov'd,
Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd.

Nor blushing think how low you condescend
To court her maids, and make each slave your friend :

Each by their names familiarly salute, 291
And beg them to promote your am'rous suit.
Perhaps a bribe's requir'd; your bounty show,
And from your slender fortune part bestow.
A double bribe the chambermaid secures, 295
And when the fav'rite's gain'd, the fair is your's.
She'll add to ev'ry thing you do a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praise.
When servants merry make, and feast and play,
Then give her something to keep holiday. 300
Retain 'em ev'ry one, the porter most,
And her who nightly guards the happy coast.

I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
But choose and time it well, whate'er you send.
Provide the product of the early year, 305
And let your boy the rural present bear;
Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
'Tho' stale, and in the suburb market bought.
The first ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
With chesnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat: 310
Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present:
They recommend your passion, where they're sent.
'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught,
Thus future legacies are basely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curst, 315
That practis'd them on love, and women first.

In tender sonnets most your flame rehearse,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verse?

Women a wealthy treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require. 320
This is the golden age, all worship gold,
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the sex have sense, their number's small,
Most ignorant, yet vain pretenders all: 326
Flatter alike; smooth, empty, stanzas send,
They seldom sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine: 332
Yet she'll a treat, or worthless toy prefer,
To all th' immortal poet's boasted care.

But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze, 335
And make her form the subject of his praise.
Purple commend, when she's in purple dress'd;
In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best;
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore. 340
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Tho' clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In sorted colours, praise a vary'd dress:
In night-clothes, or commode, let either please.
Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair, 345
Commend her curious art and gallant air.

Singing, her voice, dancing, her step admire,
Applaud when she desists, and still desire :
Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praise.
Fierce as Medusa tho' your mistress prove, 351
These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocrisy with art :
Let no false action give your words the lye, 355
For once deceiv'd, she's ever after shy.
In autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and shows the vintage near ;
When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
And bodies languish with inconstant skies : 360
If vicious Heav'n infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood some fever reigns ;
Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
The blessings you expect to reap, then sow ;
Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd disease, 365
But with your ready hand contrive to please :
Weep in her sight then fonder kisses give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make. 370
As health returns, so let your joys appear,
Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear.
This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms,
Secure a passage to her grateful arms.

Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight, 375
Officious only when you most delight :
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated med'cines give ;
Let her from rivals what she loathes receive.
Those prosp'rous winds that launch'd our bark from
When out at sea assist its course no more : [shore,
Time will your knowledge in our art improve, 381
Give strength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young ;
The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung :
From narrow springs the noblest currents flow, 385
But swell their floods, and spread 'em as they go.
Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent use.
Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view,
And night and day the flying maid pursue. 390
Then pause a while ; by fallow fields we gain ;
A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bless'd,
His absence wounded most her raging breast :
Thus his chaste consort for Ulysses burn'd, 395
And Laodamia thus her absent husband mourn'd.
With speed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may soon supply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone ? 400
She in his bed receiv'd her am'rous guest,
And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.

Unthinking cuckold to a proverb blind !
What trust a beau and a fair wife behind ?
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep, 405
And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep.
Helen is guiltless, and her lover's crime
But what yourself would act another time.
The youth was pressing, the dull husband gone,
Let ev'ry woman make the case her own : 410
Who could a prince, by Venus sent, refuse ?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuse.

But not the foaming boar, whom spears surround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioness, whose young receives the breast, }
Nor viper by unwary footsteps priest, 416 }
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god possest,
Transcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and sword she flies, the frantic dame 420
Disdains the thoughts of tenderness or shame.
Her offspring's blood inrag'd Medea spilt,
A cruel mother for the father's guilt ;
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge pursues neglected loves. 425
Where sacred ties of honour are destroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers must avoid.
Think not my precepts constancy enjoin,
Venus avert ! far nobler's my design.

At large enjoy, conceal your passion well, 430
Nor use the modish vanity to tell:
Avoid presenting of suspected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Desert the shades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conscious to a new amour. 435
The nymph, when she betrays, disdains your guilt,
And by such falshood taught she learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and she innocent:
But when inflam'd with ev'ry charming face, 440
Her lewdness still maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryses, as Fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briseis, thy complaints she heard,
And how his lust the tedious war deferr'd: 445
This tamely heard, but with resentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous slave subdu'd:
With rage she saw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægisthus to her injur'd arms.
To lust and shame by his example led, 450
Who durst so openly profane her bed.
What you conceal, her more observing eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly gives her jealousy the lye;
Not too submissive seen, nor over kind: 455
These are the symptoms of a guilty mind:

But no caresses, no endearments spare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.

There are, that strong provoking potions praise,
And nature, with pernicious med'cines raise : 460
Nor drugs, nor herbs will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce 'em pois'nous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with seeds of nettles join,
And clary steep in bowls of mellow wine:
Venus is most averse to forc'd delights, 465
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites;
With fishes spawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with Eringo's hot salacious root :
The goddess worshipp'd by th' Erycian swains
Megara's white shallot, so faint, disdains. 470
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuse.
Prescribe no more, my muse, nor med'cines give,
Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You that conceal'd your secret crimes before, 475
Proclaim them now, now publish each amour.
Nor tax me with inconstancy; we find
The driving bark requires a eering wind :
Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,
And ev'ry point befriends our shifted sails. 480
Thus chariot drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,
Secure from rivals she neglects your flame :

The mind without variety is cloy'd, 485
And nauseates pleasures is has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whose wasted strength declines,
Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines;
When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames return,
And glowing embers with fresh fury burn: 490
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames.
Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
And tease her often with some new amour. 494
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures blest, }
Too great, too exquisite to be exprest! }
That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast. }
Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
She swoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage, 500
Assault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how she'd weep, what piercing glances cast!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
Let not your mistress long your falshood mourn:
Neglected fondness will to fury turn. 505
But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
And on your breast her drooping head sustain:
Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
Let her a while lament, a while complain, 510
Then die with pleasure as she dy'd with pain.

Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She'll sign a pardon in your active arms.

First nature lay an undigested mass,
Heav'n, earth and ocean wore one common face : 515
Then vaulted heav'n was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And chaos was in beauteous forms dispos'd;
The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place, 520
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race :
Caves were their houses, herbs their food and bed,
Whilst each a savage from the other fled.
Love first disarm'd the fierceness of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd. 525
The youth was eager, but unskill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy :
They knew no courtship, no instructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bless'd the pleasing wound.
The birds with consorts propagate their kind, 530
And sporting fish their finny beauties find:
In am'rous folds the wanton serpents twine,
And dogs with their salacious females join.
The lusty bull delights his frisking dames,
And more lascivious goat her male inflames. 535
Mares furious grow with love, their bound'ries force,
Plunging thro' waves to meet the neighing horse.
Go on, brave youth, thy gen'rous vigour try,
To the resenting maid this charm apply :

Love's soft'ning pleasures ev'ry grief remove, 540
There's nothing that can make your peace like love;
From drugs and philters no redress you'll find,
But nature with your mistress will be kind.
The love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure. 545

Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre:
His hand a branch of spreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he cast diffusive rays of light, 550
Confessing all the god to human sight,
Thou master of lascivious arts, he said,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inscrib'd in characters of gold,
This celebrated sentence you'll behold. 555

First know yourself; who to himself is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
Where nature has a handsome face bestow'd,
Or graceful shape, let both be often show'd:
Let men of wit and humour silence shun, 560
The artist sing, and soldier bustle on:
Of long harangues ye eloquent take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works thou teasing poet read.
Thus Phœbus spake: a just obedience give,
And these injunctions from a god receive. 565

I mysteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wise.

The thriving grain in harvest often fails,
Oft prosp'rous winds turn adverse to our sails :
Few are the pleasures, tho' the toils are great : 570
With patience must submissive lovers wait.

What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed ;
As shell on sandy shores, as stars above,
So num'rous are the sure fatigues of love. 75

The lady's gone abroad, you're told ; tho' seen,
Distrust your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are close,
Resent it not, but on the earth repose.

Her maid will cry with an insulting tone, 580
What makes you saunter here ? you sot be gone.
With moving words the cruel nymph intreat,
What makes you garland on the bolted gate.

Why do I light and vulgar precepts use ?

A nobler subject now inspires my muse : 585
Approaching joys I sing, ye youths draw near,
Listen ye happy lovers and give ear :

The labour's great and daring is my song ;
Labours and great attempts to love belong.
As from the sacred oracles of Jove, 590

Receive these grand mysterious truths in love.
Look down when she the ogling spark invites,
Nor touch the conscious tablets when she writes.

Appear not jealous ; tho' she's much from home,
Let her at pleasure go, unquestion'd come. 595

This crafty husbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when she's engag'd, to wink at it.
I own my frailties, modestly confess;
And blushing, give those precepts I transgress;
Shall I, with patience, the known signal hear, 600
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What tamely suffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to use my hands or tongue!
Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight;
I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right. 605
I, like a fury, for my nymph engage,
And, like a mad-man, when I miss her, rage.
My passion still prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that submits to this is better skill'd.

Expose not, tho' you find her guilty flame, 610
Lest she abandon modesty and shame:
Conceal her faults, no secret crimes upbraid;
Nothing's so fond as a suspected maid;
Discover'd love increases with despair,
When both alike the guilt and scandal share: 615
All sense of modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's crime.

In heav'n this story's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest:
How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught, 620
And ev'ry god a pleas'd spectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;

To his desires the queen of love inclin'd ;
No nymph in heav'n's so willing, none so kind. 625
Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot, and sooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their passion bore,
And modestly conceal'd the close amour.
But by the sun betray'd in their embrace, 630
(For what escapes the sun's observing rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his disgrace. }
Ah foolish sun ! and much unskill'd in love,
Thou hast an ill example set above !
Never a fair offending nymph betray, 635
She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way :
The crafty spouse around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and secret snares :
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net. 640
The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And scarce from tears the queen of love refrains :
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To surly Mars a gay spectator said, 645
Why so uneasy in that envy'd bed ?
On me transfer your chains ; I'll freely come
For your release, and suffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy desires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos she retires, 650
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires ; }

Now conversant with infamy and shame,
They set no bounds to their licentious flame.
But honest Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act so much unlike a god of sense? 655
They sin in public, you the shame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increase with punishment.
Tho' in your pow'r, a rival ne'er expose,
Never his intercepted joys disclose:
This I command, Venus commands the same, 660
Who hates the snares she once sustain'd with shame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose,
Or Juno's solemn mysteries disclose!
His witty torments Tantalus deserves, 664
That thirsts in waves and viewing banquets starves.
But Venus most in secrecy delights;
Away, ye babblers, from her silent rites!
No pomp her mysteries attends, no noise!
No sounding brass proclaims the latent joys!
With folded arms the happy pair possess, 670
Nor should the fond betraying tongue confess
Those raptures, which no language can express. }
When naked Venus cast her robes aside,
The parts obscene, her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beasts will gaze, 675
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds, and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.

Love darkness courts, at most a glimm'ring light,
To raise our joys, and just oblige the sight. 680
Ere happy men beneath the roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and shade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modest, and unshaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd, 685
And secretly perform'd what love inspir'd.
Now scarce a modish fop about the town,
But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taste no pleasure, relish no delight,
'Till they recount what pass'd the happy night: 690
But men of honor always thought it base,
To prostitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blast her flame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furnish scandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I must some guilty arts accuse, 695
And disingenuous shifts that lovers use,
To wrong the chaste, and innocent abuse. }
When long repuls'd, they find their courtship vain,
Her character with infamy they stain;
Deny'd her person, they debauch her fame, 700
And brand her innocence with public shame.
Go jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let ev'ry door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The fuff'ring nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name's a prostitute to ev'ry tongue, 705

For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true, believe.

With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda, when Perseus view'd, 710
He saw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.

Andromache was tall, yet some report
Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
At first what's nauseous, lessens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to please. 715

The infant plant that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with ev'ry breath of wind :
But shooting upward to a tree at last,
It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
Time will defects and blemishes endear, 720

And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unusual scents at first may give offence :

Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense :

Her vices soften with some kinder phrase ;

If she is swarthy as the negro's face, 725 }

Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praise. }

The ruddy lass must be like Venus fair,

Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.

If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,

Active when small, when gross she's plump and

Ev'ry excess by soft'ning terms disguise, [smooth;

And in some neighb'ring virtue hide each vice.

Nor ask her age, consult no register,
Under whose reign she's born, or what's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white, 735
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace sublimer joys are found,
A fruitful soil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilst youth and pleasures last,
Age hurries on, and death pursues too fast, 740
Or plough the seas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the sword in thy advent'rous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous strength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleasure and wealth reward thy pleasing pains, 745
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve,
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And still preserve them in their charming prime;
In vary'd ways they act the pleasure o'er, 750
Not pictur'd postures can instruct you more.
They want no courtship to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame 755
Glow with desires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the soft transporting joys,
The frequent sighs, the tender murm'ring voice;
To see her eyes with vary'd pleasure move,
And all the nymph confess the pow'r of love. 760

Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
These joys alone to riper years belong :
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine, }
Let age your girl and sprightly juice refine, 765 }
Mellow their sweets, and make the taste divine. }
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorge think beyond her mother fair :
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.

One conscious bed receives the happy pair : 771

Retire, my muse ; the door demands thy care.

What charming words, what tender things are said,

What language flows without thy useless aid !

There shall the roving hand employment find,

Inspire new flames, and make e'en virgins kind. 776

Thus Hector did Andromache delight,

Hector in love victorious, as in fight.

When weary from the field Achilles came,

Thus with delays he rais'd Briseis' flame.

Ah, could those arms, those fatal hands delight 781

Inspire kind thoughts, and raise thy appetite !

Couldst thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,

Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race ?

Nor yet with speed the fleeting pleasures waste,

Still moderate your love's impetuous haste : 786

The bashful virgin, tho' appearing coy,

Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.

Then view her eyes with humid lustre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear, 791
The eye she charms, and wounds the list'ning ear.
Defer not then the clasping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raise to her heights the transports of your soul,
And fly united to the happy goal. 796
Observe these precepts when with leisure blest,
No threatening fears your private hours molest;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager speed the hasty joy.
Then ply your oars, then practise this advice, 801
And strain, with whip and spur, to gain the prize.

The work's compleat, triumphant palms prepare,
With flow'ry wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius's art,
To heal with med'cines the afflicted part: 806
Nestor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving skill'd;
As Chalcas cou'd explain the mystick bird,
And Telamon cou'd wield the brandish'd sword:
Such to the town may fam'd instructions prove, 811
So much am I renown'd for arts of love.
Me ev'ry youth shall praise; extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuse my lasting fame.
I arms provide against the scornful fair:
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war. 816

Whatever youth shall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home ;
Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his instructed flame,
Inscribe the spoils with my auspicious name. 825 }

The tender girls my precepts next demand,
Them I commit to a more skilful hand.

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O V I D ' S

A R T O F L O V E .

B O O K I I I .

TRANSLATED BY MR. CONGREVE.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show 5
Unequal force against a naked foe:

No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But, some exclaim, what phrenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of woman kind! 10
Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.
But sure too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few,

Examine, first, impartially each fair, 15
 Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
 If Menelaus, and the king of men,
 With justice of their sister-wives complain;
 If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
 And for reward procur'd her husband's death; 20
 Penelope was loyal still and chaste,
 Tho' twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
 Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd:
 Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride, 25 }
 To share her husband's fate untimely dy'd.
 Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
 Receive me, Capaneus, Evadne cry'd;
 Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide:
 To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire; 30
 She said, and leap'd amidst the fun'ral fire.
 Virtue herself a goddess we confess,
 Both female in her name and in her dress;
 No wonder then, if to her sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with care a female mind. 35
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach
 Of that soft art, which I pretend to teach.
 My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
 A little wind will fill a little sail.
 Of sportful loves I sing, and shew what ways 40 }
 The willing nymph must use, her bliss to raise,
 And how to captivate the man she'd please.

Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart ;
Man has a breast robust, and more secure, 45
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false ; and, if you search with care,
You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
And made Creusa partner of his bed. 50
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care. 55
Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She sought th' appointed shore and view'd the sea :
Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn, 60
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found ;
To thee forelorn, and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief. 65
Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart,
Of all your woes 'twas want of needful art.
Love, of itself, too quickly will expire ;
But pow'rful art, perpetuates desire.

Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd, 70
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said ; What have poor women done ?
Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd :
On ev'ry side, by men well arm'd, inclos'd ? 75
Twice are the men instructed by thy muse,
Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
The bard who injur'd Helen in his song,
Recanted after and redress'd the wrong.
And you if on my favour you depend, 80
The cause of women, while you live, defend.
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore.)
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew. 85
Attend ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
E'en now in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite, 90
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight :
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide ;
Nor hope to stop their ever ebbing tide :
Think not, hereafter will the loss repay ;
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay, 95
And leave less relish than the former day.

I've seen the time, when on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see how leafless now, and how decay'd; 100
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon their midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your doors will cease, 105
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rest in peace.

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades !
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades !
And what avails it, tho' the fair one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs ? 110
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour past :
But no receipt can human kind relieve, 115
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too soon will youth impair; 120
Continued harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays, too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian swain ;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus disdain ;

The Paphian queen, who, for Adonis' fate 125
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since;
Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals from above,
And like immortals live, and like t'em love. 130
Refuse not those delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' constant use, e'en flint and steel impairs, 135
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain? 140
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine; 145
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods the sex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd? 150
Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.

In antient days, if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff, 155
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Seven lusty bul's, and tans their sturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd? 160
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other Jove you'd think was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile where senates dictate law, 165
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw:
And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a tract of pasture-lands.
Let antient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite. 170
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought:
Nor for, that hills exhaust their marbleveins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains:
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late, 175
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade appear;
Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
And cleanliness more animate love's fire. 180

The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
And much become, or misbecome the face.
What suits your features, of your glass enquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long should part and flat the hair, 185
Lest, upward comb'd, the length too much appear :
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
Should shew the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either shoulder, one, her locks displays ;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays : 190
Another, all her tresses ties behind
So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some ;
Others, the binding fillets more become :
Some plat, like spiral shells, their braided hair, 195
Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
But, to recount the several dresses worn,
Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees. 200
Many there are who seem to slight all care,
And with a pleasing negligence insnare ;
Whole mornings, oft, in such a dress are spent,
And all is art, that looks like accident.
With such disorder Iole was grac'd, 205
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain, by various ways. 210
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
And art gives colour which with nature vies :
The wellwove towersthey wear, their own are thought,
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready drest,
And choose at public shops, what suits them best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye. 220
What folly must in such expence appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear !
One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view ;
With yellow lustre see another spread, 225
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
Some, of the sea-green wave the cast display,
With this, the nymphs their beauteous forms array :
And some, the saffron hue will well adorn,
Such is the mantle of the blushing morn. 230
Of myrtle-berries, one, the tincture shows,
In this, of amethysts, the purple glows, }
And that, more imitates the paler rose. }
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms. 235

Nor almond, nor the chesnut dye disclaim,
Nor others which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
So various are the colours you may try, 240
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best,
In black the lovely fair Briseis dress'd : 245
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful smells,
Which, sometimes health, or kindly heat expels.
Nor from your tender legs to pluck with care 250
The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
Tho' not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring;
Yet let me warn you, that thro' no neglect,
You let your teeth disclose the least defect. 255
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how with red, lost colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair one be asham'd, who tries, 260
By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair.

In that the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May see, what pains to please 'em I've employ'd. 265
But still beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply :
Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
Who would not take offence, to see a face, 270
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease ?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unsav'ry scent is still the same.
Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth when men are by, 275
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
E'en Myro's statues, which for art surpass
All others, once were but a shapeless mass ;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn, 280
As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
Think how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
Which now a perfect Venus shows to view.
While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from observers, in some secret place : 285
Add the last hand, before yourselves you show ;
Your need of art, why should your lover know ?
For many things, when most conceal'd, are best
And few of strict enquiry bear the test.
Those figures which in theatres are seen, 290
Gilded without, are common wood within.

But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight : 295
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.
But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd ;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste, 300
All that her woman does ; who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,

And scratches, with her bodkin or her nails ;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
And her heart curses, what her hands adorn. 305

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
Plant centinels before her dressing-room :
Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said, that I, (but 'tis a tale devis'd) 310
A lady at her toilet once surpriz'd ;
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tower she wore,
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race. 315
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn,
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn,
A leaf-less tree, or an unverdant mead ;
And as ungraceful is a hair-less head.

But think not these instructions are design'd 320

For first-rate beauties, of the finish'd kind :

Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,

Nor an Europa, these my rules I write ;

Nor the fair Helen do I teach ; whose charms

Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece to arms ; 325

Thee to regain, well was that war begun,

And Paris well defended what he won ;

What lover, or what husband, would not fight

In such a cause, where both are in the right ?

The crowd I teach, some homely and some fair ;

But of the former sort the larger share.

The handsome least require the help of art,

Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with nature's part.

When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,

But all his skill exerts when storms arise. 335

Faults in your person, or your face, correct ;

And few are seen that have not some defect.

The nymph too short, her seat should seldom quit ;

Lest when she stands she may be thought to sit ;

And when extended on her couch she lies, 340

Let length of petticoats conceal her size. [choose,

The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should

And fuller made than what the plumper use.

If pale let her the crimson juice apply ;

If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly. 345

A leg to lank, tight garters still must wear ;

Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.

Round shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least
And lacing strait confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse, 350
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another, speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound, 355
You'd hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake, 360
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
In some distortions quite the face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
In one too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd. 365
What cannot art attain! many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
Others, thro' affectation, lisp; and find,
In imperfections, charms to catch mankind. 369
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
But female grace allures with strange delight.
One has an artful swing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind; 375

Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
And ev'ry step and graceful motion show.
Another like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mien adjust, 380
Nor shew too nice a gait, nor too robust.

If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare ;
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part. 385

Sirens, tho' monsters of the stormy main,
Can ships, when under sail, with songs, detain :
Scarce could Ulyses by his friends be bound,
When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
Singing insinuates : learn all ye maids ; 390
Oft when a face forbids, a voice persuades :
Whether on Theatres loud strains we hear,
Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air.

Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice. 395

The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen stay'd,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd,
Even Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd. }

And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's Lays. 400

The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read Phileras and Anacreon's verse;
Terentian plays may much thy mind improve, 405
But softest Sapho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's works with care peruse;
Of all the Latian bards the noblest muse: 410
Even I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd lines, some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.
Whatever book you read of this soft art, 415
Read with the lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epistles too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought of and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful nine!
Such thine Apollo and Lycæus, thine! 420

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm asham'd to tell, 425
Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert, 430
For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.

Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use ;
Parties begun at play, may love produce :
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breast is open laid, 435
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears ;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the gods defy ; 440
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast ;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last.
Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these,
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please.
Soft recreations fit the female kind ; 445
Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd ;
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear,
To stop or turn the steed, in full career.
Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams ; 450
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the shady groves 455
Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves :
Phœbus, who sunk the proud Ægyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory compleat.

Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
 Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name ; 460
 Or, where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
 When he with naval victory was crown'd,
 To Isis fane, to theatres resort ;

And in the Circus see the noble sport.
 In ev'ry public place, by turns, be shown,
 In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown. 466
 Should you, in singing, Thamyras transcend,
 Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
 Had not Appelles drawn the seaborne queen,
 Her beauties still beneath the waves had been. 470

Poets inspir'd, write only for a name,
 And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
 In former days, I own, the poets were,
 Of gods and kings the most peculiar care ;
 Majestic awe was in the name allow'd, 475
 And, they, with rich possessions were endow'd.
 Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
 And, next his own, the poet's statue plac'd.
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream. 480
 Still there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise :
 What could the high renown of Homer raise,
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays ? }

Who could have been of Danae's charms assur'd,
 Had she grown old, within her tow'r immur'd ? 485

This, as a rule let ev'ry nymph pursue.
That 'tis her int'rest oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes thro' many to make sure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing crowd assail, 490
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In ev'ry place to please, be all her thought;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil. 495

How could Andromeda once doubt relief, [grief?
Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by
The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps may kindle new desire, }
And Hymen's torch re-light with fun'ral fire, 500 }

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd;
And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove, 505
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.

Such flatt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light, as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me; all I say is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd Troy still had stood, 510

Many, with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but sordid love of gain,

But let nor powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn, 515
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So, may your lover burn with fierce desire,
Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
Poor Chloe robb'd runs crying thro' the streets;
And as she runs, give me my own repeats. 520
How often Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?
Some, so notorious are their very name,
Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd, 525
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian Maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Has lost thy credit to all future times. 530
 Promise for promise, equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word:
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And undismay'd may sacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the vestal fire, 535
Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,
Who, first, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
 But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course. 540

If love epistles, tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart,
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd.
Soon from the words, you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere. 546
Ere in return you write, some time require ;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire :
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain; 550
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write,
The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd, 555
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd !
A stile too coarse takes from a handsome face.
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger, 'till his truth be try'd ; 561
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose ;
Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd, 565
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd !
Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discov'ries, sure as lightning, blast.

Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid ;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade. 570

But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in sev'ral hands you learn to write ?
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain, 575
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind ;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now, greater things to tell, my muse prepare, 581
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place,
For fury will deform the finest face :
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins, 585
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek ; she flung it quick aside,
Nor is thy music so much worth, she cry'd. 590
Look in your glass when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess you scarce yourselves can know.
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd, 595
There's nothing more detestable than pride.

How have I seen some airs disgust create,
" Like things which by antipathy we hate !"
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head. 600
So Love, preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms ;
Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms
Let mournful beauties sullen heroes move, 605
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.
Had they not both borne children (to be plain)
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame, 611
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
My life, my soul, or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain, 615
Or fear small things by greater to explain ?
Observe what conduct prudent gen'als use,
And how their sev'ral officers they choose :
To one, a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horse is thought more fit. 620
So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
And, as you find them qualify'd, direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send,
The lawyer should, in courts, your cause defend.

We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe ;
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe. 626
By us, your fame shall through the world be blaz'd,
So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west Lycoris' praises ring :
Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing. 630
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere :
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love, 635
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove ;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And, both, to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The god that fills him, and the muse revere ; 640
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact ;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight, 645
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse ;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age. 650
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone :

With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heart enjoy.
Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware, 655
Nor love, nor empire, can a partner bear.
Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth disdains, endure,
No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own nor mistresses attire. 660
In youth the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies; 665
Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How surely to enslave ourselves we show.
To trust a traitor you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake. 675

Who yields too soon will soon her lover lose;
Would you retain him long? then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
Bar but your gate and let your porter cry
Here's no admittance, Sir, I must deny, 680

The very husband, so repuls'd, will find

A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,

I now sharp weapons for the sex provide ;

Nor doubt against myself to see 'em try'd. 685 }

When, first, a lover you design to charm,

Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;

Make him believe with all the skill you can,

That he and only he's the happy man.

Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create, 690

And let him fear some rival's better fate.

Such little arts make love its vigour hold,

Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.

Then strains the courser to out-strip the wind,

When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.

Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive ; 696

I own when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.

Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs ;

Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.

Sometimes, your lover to incite the more, 700

Pretend your husband's spies beset the door :

Tho' free as Thais, still affect a fright ;

For seeming danger heightens the delight.

Oft let the youth in thro' your window steal ;

Tho' he might enter at the door as well. 705

And, sometimes, let your maid surprize pretend,

And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.

Yet ever and anon, dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere;
Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue, 710
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the husband and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law : 715

But, that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None, but her keeper, I am sure, denies.

For such fair nymphs, these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.

Tho' stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were, 720
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.

When you, to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write?

Or, can his caution against such provide;

Which, in her breast, your confident may hide? 725

Can he the note beneath the garter view,

Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe?

Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,

And, writing on her skin, your mind express.

New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen. 731

Fair will the paper shew, nor can be read,

Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acresius was, with all his care, betray'd!

And in his tow'r of brass a grandsire made. 735

Can spies avail when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport ?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybele's, whose rights all men exclude ?
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come, 740
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.
Or, when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend ?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not there are more ways beside the door. 745
Sometimes with wine your watchful follow'r treat ;
When drunk you may with ease his care defeat :
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprize,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes :
Or let your maid still longer time to gain, 750
An inclination for his person feign ;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles ? 755
Believe me men and gods with gifts are pleas'd,
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is pleas'd.
With presents fools and wife alike are caught,
Give but enough the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy, 760
That you for ever his connivance buy ;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend ; 765
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind,
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not, too far, your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth :
The very confident that lends the bed, 770
May entertain your lover in your stead.
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But, whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage ? 775
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare ?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare ?
Eat all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
Defenceless and unharm'd expose my life, 780
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain ;
Full of himself, he your design will aid !
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade. 785
With dying eyes, his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay :
Now drop a tear, your sorrows to assuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as these, will all distrust remove, 790
And make him pity your excessive love.

Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond creature die ?
But chiefly, one such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done, 796
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.
Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out when you a rival fear;
Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail, 800
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be,
Of what effects attends credulity.

Near, where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows, 805
With soft and verdant turf, the soil is spread,
And sweetly smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade.
There rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
There, tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And Cytisus, and garden pines, abound. 811
While thro' the boughs soft winds of Zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress : 815
And, thus, to air, the panting youth would pray :
Come, gentle Aura, come this heat allay.
But some tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd

Who, with the news to Procris quick repair'd, 820
Repeating word for word what she had heard.
Soon, as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpriz'd, and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies like death, supply'd the place; 825
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore, 830
Nor her own faultless face to wound, forbore.
Now, all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd; she leaves, below, her friends;
And, all alone, the shady hill ascends. 835
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)
She, now, shall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs, 840
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:
Thus, love, with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.
But, still, the rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more suspicious still the place appears: 845
But more than all, excessive love deceives,
Which, all it fears too easily believes.

And, now, a chilness runs thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again'd retir'd, to shun 850
The scorching ardour of the mid-day's sun :
With water, first, he sprinkled o'er his face, —
Which glow'd with heat ; then sought his usual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
View'd him extended, with his bosom bare ; 855
And heard him, soon, th' accustom'd words repeat,
Come zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat.
Soon as she found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms ; 860
But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms :
Some beast he thinks he in the bushes hears,
And straight, his arrows and his bow prepares,
Hold ! hold ! unhappy youth ! — I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain. 865
Me, me, (she cries) thou'st wounded with thy dart :
But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
Yet, lighter on my ashes, earth will lie,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die !
Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath. 871
Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And wash'd with streaming tears, the wound he made :
At length the springs of life their currents leave,
And her last gasp her husband's lips receive. 875

Now to pursue our voyage we must provide,
'Till, safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
What rules, to treats and entertainments reach.

Come not the first, invited to a feast ; 880

Rather, come last, as a more grateful guest :

For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,

Meets with the surest welcome, when arriv'd.

Besides, complexions of a coarser kind,

From candle light no small advantage find. 885

During the time you eat, observe some grace,

Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face ;

Nor, yet, too squeamishly your meat avoid,

Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.

Of all extremes in either kind, beware, 890

And still, before your belly's full, forbear.

No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,

Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think of wine the mod'rate use

More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse ; 895

It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,

And wine and love have always been allies.

But, carefully from all intemp'rance keep,

Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep ;

For in such sleeps, brutalities are done, 900

Which, tho' you loath, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,

Should next be taught, how to behave in bed .

But modesty forbids : no more my muse,
With weary wings, the labour'd flight pursues : 905
Her purple swains unyok'd, the chariot leave,
And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
And equal arms, on either sex bestow :
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid, must own, their master is in love. 911

O V I D' S
REMEDY OF LOVE.

TRANSLATED BY MR. TATE.

THE title of this book when Cupid spy'd,
Treason! a plot against our state! he cry'd.
Why should you thus your loyal poet wrong,
Who in your war has serv'd so well and long!
So savage and ill-bred I ne'er can prove, 5
Like Diomede to wound the queen of love.
Others by fits have felt your am'rous flame,
I still have been, and still your martyr am;
Rules for your vot'ries I did late impart,
Refining passion, and made love an art. 10
Nor do I now, of that or thee take leave,
Nor does the muse her former web unweave.
Let him, who loves where love success may find,
Spread all his sails before the prosp'rous wind;

K iij

But let poor youths who female scorn endure, 15
And hopeless burn, repair to me for cure:
For why should any worthy youth destroy
Himself, because some worthless nymph is coy?
Love should be nature's friend, let hemp and steel,
Hangmen and heroes use, whose trade's to kill. 20
Where fatal it would prove, let passion cease;
Nor love destroy, who should our race increase.
A child you are, and like a child you play;
And gentle as your years, should be your sway.
Keen arrows, and to wound the hardest hearts, 25
You are permitted—but no mortal darts.
Let your step-father Mars, on sword and spear,
The crimson stains of cruel conquest wear;
You should your mother's milder laws observe,
Who ne'er did childless parent's curse deserve. 30
Or if you must employ your wanton pow'r,
Teach youths by night to force their mistress' door:
How lovers safe and secretly may meet,
And subtle wives the cautious husband cheat.
Let now th' excluded youth the gate caress, 35
A thousand wielding soothing plaints express;
Then on th' ill-natur'd timber vent your spight,
And to some doleful tune weep out the night.
For tears, not blood, love's altar should require:
Lov's torch, design'd to kindle kind desire, 40
Must seem profan'd, to light a fun'ral fire. }

Thus I. — The god his purple wings display'd,
 And, *forward*, finish your design, he said.
 To me, ye injur'd youths, for help repair,
 Who hopeless languish for some cruel fair; 45
 I'll now unteach the art I taught before,
 The hand that wounded shall your health restore.
 One soil can herbs and pois'nous weeds disclose;
 The nettle oft is neighbour to the rose.
 Such was the cure th' Arcadian hero found; 50
 The Pelian spear, that wounded, made him sound.
 But know, the rules that I to men prescribe,
 In like distress may serve the female tribe;
 And when beyond your sphere my methods go,
 You may, at least, infer what you should do. 55
 When flames beyond their useful bounds aspire,
 'Tis charity to quench the theat'ning fire.
 Nine visits to the shore poor Phyllis made;
 Had I advis'd, the tenth he should have paid.
 Nor had Demophoon, when return'd from sea, 60
 For his expected bride, embrac'd a tree.
 Nor Dido, from her flaming pile, by night,
 Discover'd her ingrateful Trojan's flight.
 Nor had that mother dire revenge pursu'd,
 Who in her offspring's blood her hands imbru'd. 65
 Fair Philomel, preserv'd from Tereus' rape;
 Her honour she had kept, and he his shape.
 Pasiphaë ne'er had felt such wild desire;
 Nor Phædra suffer'd by incestuous fire.

Let me the wanton Paris take in hand, 70
 Helen shall be restor'd, and Troy shall stand.
 My wholesome precepts had lewd Scylla read,
 The purple lock had grown on Nisus' head.
 Learn, youths, from me, to curb the desp'rate force
 Of love; and steer, by my advice, your course. 75
 By reading me, you first receiv'd your bane;
 Now, for an antidote, read me again:
 From scornful beauties' chains I'll set you free;
 Consent but you to your own liberty.
 Phæbus, thou god of physic and of verse, 80
 Assist the healing numbers I rehearse;
 Direct at once my med'cines and my song,
 For to thy care both provinces belong.

While the soft passion plays about your heart, }
 Before the tickling venom turns to smart, 85 }
 Break then (for then you may) the treach'rous dart: }
 Tear up the seeds of the unrooted ill,
 While they are weak, and you have pow'r to kill.
 Beware delay: the tender bladed grain,
 Shot up to stalk, can stand the wind and rain. 90
 The tree, whose branches now are grown too big
 For hands to bend, was set a slender twig:
 When planted, to your slightest touch 'twould yield,
 But now has fix'd possession of the field.
 Consider, ere to love you give the reins, 95
 If she's a mistress worth your future pains.

While yet in breath, ere yet your nerves are broke,
 Cast from your gen'rous neck the shameful yoke :
 Check love's first symptoms, the weak foe surprise,
 Who, once entrench'd, will all your arts despise. 100
 Think, wretch, what you hereafter must endure,
 What certain toil, for an uncertain cure.

Slip not one minute ; who defers to-day, 104
 To-morrow will be harden'd in delay.

'Tis love's old practice, still to sooth you on, [is gone.
 Till your disease gets strength, and till your strength
 Rivers small fountains have, and yet we find,
 Vast seas, of those small fountain'd rivers join'd.

Lockt up in bark poor Myrrha ne'er had been,
 Had she the progress of her crime foreseen : 110
 But pleas'd with the soft kindling of love's fire,
 We, day by day, indulge the fond desire :
 Till like a serpent it has eat its way,
 And uncontroul'd does on our entrails prey.

Yet if the proper season you have pass'd, 115
 Tho' hard the task, I'll use my skill at last ;
 Nor see my patient perish by his grief,
 Because no sooner call'd to his relief.

When Philoctetes first receiv'd his wound,
 The venom'd part cut off, had sav'd the sound: 120
 Yet he, ev'n after tedious years of grief,
 Was, cur'd, and brought the fainting Greeks relief.
 Thus I who charg'd you speedy means to use,
 Will none, in last extremities, refuse.

Or try to quench the kindling flames, or stay, 125
'Till their spent fury on itself does prey.

While in its full career, give scope to rage,
And circumvent the force you can't engage.

What pilot would against the current strive,
When with a side-course he may safely drive? 130

Distemper'd minds, distracted with their grief,
Take all for foes, who offer them relief:

But when the first fermenting smart is o'er,
They suffer you to probe the ripen'd sore.

'Tis madness a fond mother to dissuade 135
From tears, while on his hearse her son his laid;

But when grief's deluge can no higher swell,
Declining sorrow you'll will ease repel.

Cures have their times; the best that can be try'd,
Inflame the wound, unseas'nably apply'd. 140

If therefore you expect to find redress,
In the first place, take leave of idleness.

'Tis this that kindled first your fond desire,
'Tis this brings fuel to the am'rous fire.

Bar idleness, you ruin Cupid's game, 145
You blunt his arrows, and you quench his flame.

What wine to plane-trees, streams to poplars prove,
Marshes to reeds, is idleness to love.

Mind business, if your passion you'd destroy;
Secure is he, who can himself employ. 150

Sleep, drinking, gaming, for the foe make way,
And to love's ambuscade the roving heart betray.

The slothful he seeks out, and makes his prize,
Surely as he the man of business flies.

Make business then (no matter what) your care; 155

Some dear friend's cause may want you at the bar :

Or if your courage tempts you to the field,

Lov's wanton arms to rough campaigns will yield.

Parthia fresh work for triumphs does afford,

Half conquer'd to your hand, by Cæsar's sword. 160

Cupid's and Parthian darts at once o'ercome, [home.

And to your country's gods, bring double trophies

Your sword as dreadful will to love appear,

As to his mother the Ætolian spear.

Th' adult'rous lust that did Ægisthus seize, 165

And brought on murder, sprang from wanton ease :

For he the only loiterer remain'd

At home, when Troy's long war the rest had drain'd.

He revell'd then at his luxurious board,

And ne'er embark'd, and ne'er unsheath'd his sword;

But while the Grecians did for glory rove, 170

He wasted all his idle hours on love.

Or country-work and tillage can disarm

Your am'rous cares, for ev'ry grief a charm.

Yoke oxen, plough the painful field, you'l find 175

The wounded earth will cure your love-sick mind.

Then trust your grain to the new furrow'd soil,

That with large int'rest will requite your toil.

Behold what kind returns your fruit-trees send,

Down to your hand the burden'd branches bend. 180

Behold a murm'ring brook through pastures glide,
Behold the gazing sheep on either side;
While in the shade, his pipe the shepherd tries,
The watchful dog his master's care supplies.
With loud complaints another grove is fill'd 185
Of heifers lowing for their firslings kill'd.
What pleasure 'tis with smoke of yew to drive
The murm'ring swarm, and seize the loaded hive.
All seasons friendly to the swain are found; 189
Autumn with fruit, with harvest summer's crown'd:
The spring's adorn'd with flow'rs to charm the eye,
And winter fires the absent sun supply.
At certain times you'll see the vintage full,
And for your wine-press may choice clusters cull.
At certain times your pond'rous sheafs may bind, 195
Yet for the rake leave work enough behind.
In mellow ground, your plants no wat'ring need;
The thirsty you from neighb'ring springs may feed.
Then grafting, make old stocks sprout fresh and green,
And various fruits on one proud branch be seen. 200
When once these pleasures have your mind possess,
Love soon departs like a neglected guest.
Hunt, if the dull distemper you'd remove:
Diana will too hard for Venus prove.
Through all her doubling shifts the hare pursue, 205
Or spread your toils upon the mountain's brow.
E'en when the stag's at bay, provoke his rage;
Or with your spear the foaming boar engage.

Thus tir'd, your rest at night will prove so deep,
 Dreams of your mistress ne'er will haunt your sleep.

'Tis easier work, yet 'twill require your care, 211

The feather'd game with birdlime to ensnare;

Or else for fish your bearded hook to bait,

And for your art's success with patience wait.

Through sports like these you'll steal into relief,

And while your time you cozen, cheat your grief.

Or travel, (tho' you find your fetter strong;)

Set out betimes; your journey must be long.

You'll weep at thought of her you left behind,

And halting, to return be oft inclin'd. 220

But how much more unwilling to proceed,

Compel your feet to so much greater speed.

Advance, let nothing interrupt your way,

No wind nor weather, nor unlucky day.

Nor count the miles you've past, but what remain;

For loit'ring nigh no fond pretences feign. 226

Nor reckon time, nor once look back on Rome,

But fly: and, Parthian like, by flight o'ercome.

You'll call my precepts hard; I grant they are:

But for dear health who would not hardship bear?

When sick the bitter potion I have ta'en; 231

And, for the food I fancy'd, begg'd in vain.

Both steel and fire you'll patiently endure,

And thirst, more scorching, for your body's cure.

Can you, who thus your earthly part redeem, 235

For your immortal mind have less esteem?

Yet, for my patient's comfort, I must own,
 When this first stage he manfully has run,
 The half, the worst half of his task is done. }
 Gall'd with the yoke, at first the heifer draws; 240
 The curb's first trial frets the courser's jaws.
 Perhaps to leave your father's house you'll mourn;
 Yet go : and think, when tempted to return;
 Your kindred but the false pretence is made ;
 'Tis absence from your mistress does persuade. 245
 When once set out, diversions you will meet,
 Fair country prospects, and companions sweet.
 Nor only travel far but tarry long ; [strong.
 Nor once look homewards while your passion's
 Rebellious love, if he perceives you halt, 250
 With greater fury will renew th' assault.
 Half-famish'd passion will more fiercely prey,
 And all your labour past be thrown away. [rove,
 You'll think, when through Hæmonian fields you
 That magic arts may yield a cure for love. 255
 Old tales of witchcraft strange effects rehearse ;
 The only charm I bring is sacred verse.
 By my advice, no jargon shall be read,
 Nor midnight hag, blaspheming raise the dead ;
 No standing crop to other fields shall range, 260
 No sick eclipse the sun's complexion change ;
 Old Tyber shall his sacred course retain,
 And Cynthia, unmolested, gain her wain.

No suff'ring heart to spells shall be oblig'd,
 Nor love resign, by sulphur streams besieg'd. 265
 Think on Medea of all hopes bereft,
 When fled from home, and by her lover left.
 And what did Circe's pow'rful drugs avail,
 When she beheld Ulysses under sail?
 She try'd her magic, charm on charm renew'd; 270
 He with a merry gale his course pursu'd:
 No force or skill the fatal dart removes,
 She raves to find she loves—but still she loves.
 To thousand shapes she could transform mankind,
 No means to change her hated self could find. 275
 In these soft terms, to her departing guest,
 Her passion (to detain him) was exprest:
 " I now no more (as when I first receiv'd
 " Those hopes and you, by both alike deceiv'd)
 " Expect that you with me should pass your life,
 " No more ambitious to be made your wife, 281
 " (Tho' sure my pedigree you cannot scorn;
 " The daughter of the sun, a goddess born)
 " I but entreat you for a time to stay,
 " And urge, for your own sake, the short delay. 285
 " The seas are rough, which you have cause to fear;
 " Wait but a friendlier season of the year.
 " What haste? This isle does no new Troy afford,
 " No second Rhesus to employ your sword.
 " Love revels here, with peaceful myrtle crown'd,
 " And mine the only heart that feels a painful wound;

She said—his crew the swelling sails display,
That bear him and her fruitless pray'rs away.
In vain to her enchantments she returns,
Tries all, yet still in hopeless flames she burns. 295
For Circe's sake, all lovers I advise,
That spells, as senseless things, they would despise.
The benefits of travel I have told,
Which, for sick minds the best relief I hold.
But if, through business, you must still remain 300
In town, and near the author of your pain;
Tho' 'tis a dang'rous neighbourhood, I'll shew
What methods there the lover must pursue.
He takes the wisest course, who, from his heart, }
Does by mere force, wrest out th' offensive dart, }
Resolv'd severely once for all to smart. 306 }
A master of such courage I'll admire:
Such patients will no more advice require.
Who wants this resolution to be freed
At once, by slower methods must proceed. 310
To milder remedies I'll him direct,
Which yet, in time, will have the wish'd effect.
Think, 'till the thought your indignation move,
What damage you've receiv'd, by her you love : 314
How she has drain'd your purse, nor yet content, }
'Till your estate's in costly presence spent, }
And you have mortgag'd your last tenement. }
How she did swear, and how she was forsworn;
Not only false, but treated you with scorn :

And, since her avarice has made you poor, 320
 Forc'd you to take your lodgings at her door.
 Reserv'd to you, but others she'll caress :
 The foreman of a shop shall have access
 Let these reflections on your reason win ;
 From seeds of anger, hatred will begin : 325
 Your rhet'rick on these topicks should be spent ;
 Oh that your wrongs could make you eloquent !
 But grief, and grief will teach you to enlarge,
 And, like an orator, draw up the charge.

A certain nymph did once my heart incline, 330
 Whose humour wholly disagreed with mine.
 (I, your physician, my disease confess)
 I from my own prescriptions found redress.
 Her still I represented to my mind,
 With what defects I could suppose or find. 335
 Oh how ill-shap'd her legs, how thick and short ?
 Tho' neater limbs did never nymph support)
 Her arms, said I, how tawny brown they are !
 (Tho' never iv'ry statue had so fair.)
 How low of stature ! (yet the nymph was tall.) 340
 Oh for what costly presents will she call !
 What change of lovers !—And, of all the rest,
 I find this thought strike deepest in my breast.
 Such thin partitions good and ill divide,
 That one for t'other may be misapply'd. 345
 Ev'n truth, and your own judgment, you must
 Those blemishes you cannot find, to feign : [strain,

Call her blackmoor, if she's but lovely brown ;
Monster, if plump ; if slender skeleton.
Censure her free discourse as confidence : 330
Her silence, want of breeding and good sense.
Discover her blind side, and put her still
Upon the task which she performs but ill.
Court her to sing, if she wants voice and ear ;
To dance, if she has neither shape nor air : 355
If talking misbecomes her, make her talk ;
If walking, then in malice make her walk.
Commend her skill when on the lute she plays,
'Till vanity her want of skill betrays.
Take care, if her large breasts offend your eyes, 360
No dress does that deformity disguise.
Ply her with merry tales of what you will,
To keep her laughing, if her teeth are ill.
Or if blear ey'd, some tragic story find,
'Till she has read and wept herself quite blind. 365
But one effectual method you may take ;
Enter her chamber, ere she's well awake :
Her beauty's art, gems, gold, and rich attire,
Make up the pageant you so much admire :
In all that specious figure which you see, 370
The least, least part of her own self is she.
In vain for her you love, amidst such cost,
You search ; the mistress in the dress is lost.
Take her disrob'd, her real self surprize,
I'll trust you then, for cure, to your own eyes. 375

(Yet have I known this very rule to fail,
And beauty most, when stript of art prevail.)
Steal to her closet, her close tiring place,
While she makes up her artificial face,
All colours of the rainbow you'll discern, 380
Washes and paints, and what you're sick to learn.

I now should treat of what may pall desire,
And quench, in love's own element, the fire,
(For all advantages you ought to make,
And arms from love's own magazine to take :) 385
But modesty forbids, at full extent
To prosecute this luscious argument :
Which, to prevent your blushes, I shall leave
For your own fancy better to conceive.

For some of late censoriously accuse 390
My am'rous liberty, and wanton muse.
But envy did the wit of Homer blame,
Malice gave obscure Zoilus a name.

Thus sacrilegious censure would destroy
The pious muse, who did her art employ 395
To settle here the banish'd gods of Troy.

But you, who at my freedom take offence,
Distinguish right, before you speak your sense.
Mæonian strains alone can war resound,
No place is there for love and dalliance found. 400

The tragic stile requires a tale distrest,
And comedy consists of mirth and jest.

The tender elegy is love's delight,
 Which to themselves pleas'd mistresses recite.
 Callimachus would do Achilles wrong; 405
 Cydippe were no theme for Homer's song.
 What mortal patience could endure to see
 Thais presenting chaste Andromache?
 Kind Thais (none of Vesta's nuns) supplies
 My song: with Thais all my bus'ness lies: 410
 The actress, if my muse performs with art,
 You must commend, tho' you dislike the part.
 Burst envy; I've already got a name:
 And writing more, shall more advance my fame.
 Despair not then, for, as I longer live, 415
 Each day fresh fuel for your spleen shall give.
 Thus fame's increasing gale bears me on high,
 While tir'd and groveling on the ground you lie.
 Soft elegy in such esteem I've plac'd,
 Not Virgil more the Epic strain has grac'd. 420
 Censure did us to this digression force;
 Now, muse, pursue thy interrupted course.
 When first the nymph admits your visit, stay,
 And take some other beauty in your way;
 More safely thus your passion you may trust, 425
 When you approach her charms with fainter gust:
 You'll otherwise misconstrue, for delight,
 The eagerness of your own appetite.
 Desire does all; the grotto's cool retreat,
 And shady grove, relieve in summer's heat; 430
 Warm fires in winter; thirst makes water sweet.

Now is the time your artifice to try,
 Act not so much the lover as the spy :
 For vanity makes all the fair presume
 There's nothing which their charms can misbecome.
 Take this occasion her defects to find, 436
 When you can fix them deeply in your mind :
 In the dull minute of your discontents,
 (The pensive mood when sated love repents.)
 To your sick thoughts her blemishes display, 440
 And for aversion, by those means make way.
 These helps you'll say are trivial ; I confess,
 Singly they are, but join'd will have success.
 By one small viper's bite an ox is kill'd ;
 The forest-boar by a less dog is held. 445
 Unite my precepts if apart they fail,
 And by resistless number you'll prevail.

But diff'rent minds for diff'rent methods call,
 Nor what cures most, will have effects on all.
 Ev'n that which makes another's flame expire, 450
 Perhaps, may prove but fuel to your fire.
 For one digusted with the nymph's undress,
 Grows cold and weary of her warm caress,
 Another from his wanton mistress flies,
 When he his rival's recent raptures spies, 455
 Like warm desire ! and he but little loves,
 Whom ev'ry trifle shocks, and nothing moves.
 To those I write, (for my advice they need)
 Whose hardy passion can unbalk'd proceed.

What think you of that lover who could lie
Conceal'd, to see what custom must deny? 460

I to no such indecent means direct,
Not to be practis'd, tho' of sure effect.

If to excess you find your passion rise,
I would, at once, two mistresses advise. 465

Divided care will give your mind relief;
What nourish'd one, may starve the twins of grief.
Large rivers, drain'd in many streams, grow dry:
Withdraw its fuel, and the flame will die.

What ship can safely with one anchor ride? 470
With sev'ral cables she can brave the tide.

Who can at once two passions entertain,
May free himself at will from either chain.
If treated ill by her whom you adore,
A kinder nymph your freedom must restore. 475

No sooner Minos did fair Procris view,
But scandal on Pasiphae's fame he threw.
From his first charmer soon Alcmæon fled,
Callirhoe once admitted to his bed.

Oenone still had Paris' mistress been, 480
Had Paris but fair Helen never seen.

So Progne's beauty, tho' a wife, endear'd
Her Tereus, 'till Philomel appear'd.

But I too long on dry examples dwell:
Some new desire your former must expel. 485

A fruitful mother with one child can part,
(The rest surviving to support her heart:)

But she's impatiently of one bereft,
 Who has, alas! no second comfort left.
 But lest you think that I new laws decree, 490
 (Tho' proud of the invention I could be)
 The same long since wise Agamemnon saw,
 (What saw he not, who held all Greece in awe?)
 The beauteous captive to himself he kept;
 Her father fondly for his daughter wept. 495
 Why dost thou grieve, old sot? thy daughter's blest?
 A royal whore.—But (to assuage the pest)
 When with his mistress he was forc'd to part,
 The prudent prince ne'er laid the loss to heart.
 Achilles keeps as fair a lass as she, 500
 Their form, their very names almost agree.
 Let him, said he, resign her by consent,
 Or he shall feel my kingly power's extent.
 If to my subjects this shall give offence,
 The name of monarch is a vain pretence. 505
 Rather than reign, and have my love confin'd,
 My throne shall to Thersites be resign'd.
 He said; and, for a charming mistress lost,
 Repair'd his suff'rings at another's cost. *
 Do you this royal precedent pursue, 510
 And quench your former passion by a new.
 If you're a stranger to the sex, inquire
 Where you may find a mistress to admire.
 To learn their haunts my books of love peruse,
 Where from a swarm of beauties you may choose. 515

But if my precepts have the least pretence
To truth, and if I speak Apollo's sense,
Tho' Ætna's fires within your bosom glow,
Dissemble, and appear more cold than snow,
In spite of torture, still from tears refrain ; 520
Laugh when you have most reason to complain.
Nor do I such severe commands impart,
At once to bid you tear her from your heart :
But counterfeit : you'll prove in the event,
That careless lover whom you represent. 525
Oft when the merry round I would not keep,
I've seem'd to nod, and, seeming, fall'n asleep.
I've laugh'd at him, who fool'd away his heart,
Dissembling passion, 'till he felt the smart.
Love comes by use ? disuse will love expel : 530
Learn to feign health, and you will soon be well.
If she has bid you come, and fix'd the night,
Tho' sure that she to mock you did invite,
Yet go ; and if you find the door fast lock'd,
Endure the disappointment ; be not shock'd, 535
Nor curse the gate, nor fond intreaties make,
Nor on the threshold a hard lodging take ;
And when you see her next, complaints forbear,
Nor in your looks the least resentment wear.
Her pride will stoop, and give your feign'd neglect,
What she deny'd to your sincere respect. 541
Nor is't enough your mistress thus to cheat,
You on yourself must put the same deceit ;

Acquaint not your own thoughts with the design,
 'Till the work's done, and you have sprung the mine.
 For else 'tis odds, but nature in your heart 546
 Will faction raise, and take your mistress' part.
 What you propose will soon effected be,
 Your progress sure, if made with secrecy.
 Conceal your nets; if they are spread in sight, 550
 The bird you meant to take, you'll only fright.

Nor suffer her you love, so much to prize
 Her charming self, that she may you despise.
 Take courage, conscious of your merit seem,
 And worthy you'll appear of her esteem. 555

Ev'n then when you her door wide open spy,
 Nay, tho' call'd in, yet pass regardless by.
 She'll offer you her bed; refuse to take
 The favour, or a doubtful answer make.

Let wisdom once but teach you to abstain 560
 From what you wish, you may your wish obtain.
 Perhaps at my severe advice you'll start,
 But know, I act a reconciler's part.

Diseases in a thousand forms are rang'd;
 As tempers vary, med'cines must be chang'd.
 Some bodies must a sharp long course endure, 566
 A single drug on others works a cure.

If your soft nature yield to Cupid's stroke,
 And strength is wanting to support his yoke:
 Forbear against the wind and tide to strive, 570
 Sacken your sail, and with the current drive.

For first the raging thirst in which you fry
Must be assuag'd ere other means you try;
Drink freely then; nor can you safely trust
To satisfaction, drink ev'n to disgust. 575
Visit your mistress, keep her in your sight,
Lock'd up all day, and in your arms all night.
Still sit at board, tho' appetite decay,
And tho' you find you could be absent, stay;
Indulge desire, 'till your desires are cloy'd; 580
And love by too much plenty is destroy'd.

Ev'n fear with passion will some minds inspire,
Remove distrust, and passion will retire.
Who fears some rival should his mistress gain,
Machaon's skill can scarce relieve his pain; 585
Since no fond mother for her darling son,
Feels greater pangs, when to the wars he's gone.

Near the Salarian gate a temple's plac'd,
With Erycinian Venus' worship grac'd;
'Tis there Lethæan love cures Love's desire, 590
Bedews his lamps, and water blends with fire;
There sweet forgetfulness griev'd lovers find,
And injur'd nymphs, whose husbands prove unkind;
There in a vision, (if a vision 'twere)
I heard the Cupid speak, or seem'd to hear. 595
O thou who dost sometimes teach youth to love,
Then rules prescribe their passion to remove;
One powerful precept more let me impart,
Unknown to you a master in the art.

Bid him who loves, and would love's yoke reject,
 On his own life's misfortunes oft reflect : 601
 For all have crosses 'tis the common lot.
 Let him, who deeply into debt is got,
 Think on a goal, and how he shall sustain
 Confinement, more severe than Cupid's chain. 605
 Let him who serves a rigid father's will,
 And sees his filial duty treated ill,
 (Whate'er success in other things he find)
 Keep still his fathers's angry looks in mind.
 Let him who has that double curse of life, 610
 At once a shrew and beggar to his wife,
 Instead of gallantry abroad, contrive
 Domestic famine from his door to drive.
 You that are master of a gen'rous soil,
 Look to your vines, employ your careful toil, 615
 Lest sudden frosts the hopeful vintage spoil. }
 One has a trading vessel homeward bound ;
 Let him imagine storms, his ship unsound, [coast,
 Bulg'd, founder'd wreck'd, and more, some barb'rous
 Enrich'd with the dear cargo he has lost. 620
 Fear for your son, who serves in this campaign,
 And for your daughter be in greater pain.
 For mortifying cares you need not roam,
 By thousands they will throng to you at home.
 If, Paris, Helen's charms you would abhor, 625
 Behold your brothers welt'ring in their gore.

'Thus spake the god, 'till from my fancy's view,
His youthfull form, sleep from my eyes withdrew:
What shall I do, my Palinurus gone,
And left to steer through untry'd seas alone? 630

But solitude must never be allow'd;
A lover's ne'er so safe as in a crowd.
For private places private grief increase,
What haunts you there, in company will cease.
If to the gloomy desert you repair, 635
Your mistress' angry form will meet you there.
What makes the night less cheerful than the day?
Your griefs are present, and your friends away.
Nor shun discourse, nor make your house a cell;
Despair and darkness still together dwell. 640
To comfort you some Pylades admit,
Which is of friendship the chief benefit.
To death's cold arms what made poor Phyllis fly?
'Twas less her grief than want of company.
Wild as a Bacchanal, her way she took, 645
With hair dishevell'd, and distracted look;
Far out to sea she cast her prying eyes;
Now stretch'd upon the sandy beach she lies:
Faithless Demophoon! to deaf waves she cry'd,
While sighs her interrupted words divide. 650
Hard by a lonesome tree its shadow cast,
As if for solitary mischief plac'd: —
'Twas now her ninth sad visit to the shore;
No sail appears, and she'll expect no more:

Her nuptial girdle round her waist was ty'd, 655
 Just o'er her head a stretching bough she spy'd;
 She offers, and flies back, dreads what she dares;
 And, thus confus'd, the fatal knot prepares.
 Now, wretched Phyllis, while this deed was done,
 I could have wish'd thou hadst not been alone. 660
 Let disappointed lovers warning take
 By thee, and never company forsake.

But while society I do prescribe,
 I mean not those of your own sighing tribe:
 For nothing sure can so injurious be 665
 To one in love, as lovers company.
 A patient, who my orders did obey,
 And to his cure was in a hopeful way,
 By keeping lovers company one night,
 Relaps'd beyond my skill to set him right. 670
 Such dang'rous neighbourhood you must avoid:
 A flock's by one contagious sheep destroy'd.
 If health you'd keep, shun those who are unsound;
 By looking on sore eyes, our own we wound;
 Dry lands are oft by neighb'ring rivers drown'd. }
 Love's pest allows no safety but in flight; 676
 And the infected, to infect, delight.

Another, who quite through his course had gone,
 By living near his mistress was undone.
 Rashly his strength, ere well confirm'd he tries, 680
 Too weak to stand the encounter of her eyes.

She meets, and conquers with one single view;
And all his fresh-skin'd wounds gush forth a new.
To save your house from neighb'ring fire is hard,
Distance from danger is the surest guard. 685
Avoid your mistress' walks, and e'en forbear
The civil offices you paid to her.
Change all your measures, new affairs pursue;
Find out (if possible) a world that's new.
A table spread in view gives appetite; 690
To see a gushing rill does thirst excite.
To leap their females in a neighb'ring plain,
Your bull will break his fence, your steed his rein.
Nor is't enough to quit the nymph, but you
Must to her friends and kindred bid adieu; 695
Nor to your sight admit the page or maid,
By whom the tender billet-doux's convey'd.
And, tho' impatient, stifle your desire;
Nor of her health, nor what she does inquire.
Ev'n you who pow'rful reasons can assign, 700
That 'twas ill-treatment made your love decline,
Forbear complaints, and no invectives make;
By scornful silence, best revenge you'll take.
Bury your passion in a speechless grave,
Desist from love, but do not say you have. 705
If over-much you boast, the symptom's ill;
Who always cries, I've done with love, loves still.
To make sure work, quench leisurely the fire;
He's safe, who can by just degrees retire.

A torrent's swift, a stream does gently glide, 710
But that's a short, and this a lasting tide;
That love must irrecoverably decay,
Which does by atoms waste itself away.

Yet, ev'n humanity must needs abhor,
That you should hate the nymph you did adore. 715
For he discovers a mere brutal mind,
Whose love to enmity the way can find.
A gentle cure is what I recommend;
For he whose passion can in hatred end,
As soon may to his first desire return! 720
His fire dots still beneath the embers burn.

To see two lovers at outrageous odds,
Is scandal and offence to men and gods.
Many have rail'd, and yet been reconcil'd,
That minute they their mistresses revil'd. 725
Others I've known, who, parting without strife,
Have fairly taken leave—but ta'en for life.

A nymph but lately passing in her chair,
Met with her lover (I by chance as there) 729 }
He storm'd, and with reproaches fill'd the air.
At last, come forth thou harlot, come, he cry'd,
She came: at sight of her his tongue was ty'd,
The writings in his hand he flings away, }
Runs to her arms, and has but pow'r to say, }
You've conquer'd, and no more I'll disobey. 735 }

Let her the presents you have sent retain,
And to a less prefer the greater gain.

Weigh the advantage by that loss you reap,
And think the purchase of your freedom cheap.

If to her presence you by chance are driv'n, 740
Straight recollect the precepts I have giv'n.
Since with your Amazon you must engage,
To whet your courage muster all your rage.
Think on your rival in her chamber kept,
While you, excluded, on her threshold slept. 745
How falsely she has treated you; and then
More falsely sworn to draw you in again.

Study no dress when she is to be seen,
But wear your garments careless as your mien.
Or, if the sparkish mode your fancy seize, 750
Take care it be some other nymph to please.

What most retards your cure, I'll now reveal;
And to your own experience dare appeal;
Hoping to be at last belov'd, (tho' vain
Those hopes) we linger, and indulge our pain. 755
T' our own defects, through self-opinion, blind,
We wonder how the fair can be unkind.

Ne'er think that what she says or swears is true;
She fears the gods no more than she fears you.
Nor trust her tears, tho' plenteous tears distil; 760
Their eyes are disciplin'd to weep at will.
With various arts they storm a lover's mind,
Like some bleak rock, expos'd to waves and wind.

Nourish the just resentments in your heart,
But ne'er declare the reason why you part: 765

For tax'd with crimes, she'll plead her innocence;
And you'll too much incline to her defence.
Contract th' indictment; spinning out the charge,
But shews you'd have her clear herself at large.

Nor yet abruptly should you leave the fair, 770
And, like Ulysses, drive them to despair:
To no such violent measures I'll advise,
Nor aid a lover while his mistress dies.
I mean not Cupid's purple wings to clip,
Nor break his bow; or feather'd arrows strip. 775
The counsels that I give are just and true,
Do you as faithfully my rules pursue.
Phœbus, to thee once more for aid I run;
Assist me, as thou hast already done.
He comes, he comes, he'll instantly appear, 780
His quiver, and his sounding harp I hear,
Both signs most certain, that the god is near. }

Compare your bastard scarlet with the right,
The difference will appear, tho' both are bright.
Your charmer so by first-rate beauties place, 785
And her defects, by brighter lustre trace.
Pallas was tall and graceful, sternly fair,
And Juno carried a majestic air;
Singly they pleas'd, and by each other charm'd,
But both by Venus' presence were disarm'd. 790

Nor manhood yet must you so far disgrace,
As to become the vassal of a face,

Nor to mere beauty your devotion pay ;
 Her breeding, humour, and her manners weigh :
 But in the scale of an impartial mind, 795
 Or inclination will your judgment blind.

What more I have to say, will lie compris'd
 In little room, but must not be despis'd.
 Those short receipts have cures on many done,
 And, of that number, I myself am one. 800

The letters sent you, when your nymph was kind,
 Revise not, for they'll shake your constant mind :
 But say, when you commit them to the fire,
 Be this the fun'ral pile of my desire :
 Perish, my love ; in this just flame expire. 805
 Althæa burnt the fatal brand, and knew,
 The brand consuming, her own son she slew.
 Can you whose kindness had a worse return,
 Repine, a few deceitful words to burn ?
 No ; make a total sacrifice, nor spare 810
 The very seal that does her image bear.

From all such places too you must remove,
 As ever have been conscious to your love.
 You'll say, (and grieve to think those joys are fled)
 This was th' apartment, this the happy bed ! 815
 The dear remembrance will renew desire,
 And to fresh blaze blow up the sleeping fire.
 The Greeks could wish t' have shunn'd th' Eubean
 And vengeful fire by which their fleet was lost. [coast,

Wise sailors tack, when Scylla's rock they spy; 820
 So you should from your mistress' dwelling fly.
 There stands the rock, on which you split before,
 Imagine there you hear Charybdis roar.

But chance itself sometimes may stand your friend,
 And give your griefs an unexpected end. 825

Had Phædra's wealth to poverty declin'd,
 She never for Hippolitus had pin'd.

Or were Medea born a rural maid,
 No faithless Jason had implor'd her aid.

But love in pamper'd palaces is bred, 830
 By pleasure and luxurious riches fed.

Not Hecale or Irus could arrive

At Hymen's joys, tho' long they did survive:
 For both were poor; and Cupid still shoots high,
 His shafts above the humble cottage fly. 835

Yet so severe a cure I can't approve,
 Or bid you starve yourself, to starve your love.

But ne'er frequent the wanton theatre,
 Where vain desires in all their pomp appear;
 From music, dancing and an am'rous part, 840
 Perform'd to th' life, how can you guard your heart?

Against myself I frank confession make;
 Into your hands no am'rous poet take,
 Whose Siren muses draw the list'ning throng,
 And charm them into ruin by their song. 845
 Callimachus first from your sight remove,
 Banish Philetas next; they're friends to love.

How oft have Sappho's odes set me on fire !
Who can contain, that hears Anacreon's lyre !
Who reads Tibullus, must his passion feel ; 850
Propertius can dissolve a heart of steel :
Nor Gallus fails the coldest breast to warm :
And ev'n my muse has found the art to charm.

But if Apollo, who conducts my song,
Secure me in this point from guessing wrong ; 855
The pain with which most sensibly you're griev'd,
Is on th' account of jealousy conceiv'd.
No fear of rivals must your heart torment ;
For true or false, yet for your own content,
At least persuade yourself that you have none : 860
And that the harmless creature sleeps alone.
Orestes ne'er could find his nymph had charms,
'Till he beheld her in another's arms,

Why, Menelaus, dost thou now take on ?
In Crete you long could saunt'ring stay alone ; 865
Your Helen's absence ne'er disturb'd your rest :
No sooner fled she, with her Trojan guest,
The royal cuckold raves, and he must make
A ten years war, to fetch the harlot back.
'Twas on this score the fierce Achilles wept ; 870
With Agamemnon his Briseis slept.

— Good cause to weep, the maiden toy was got,
Or great Alcides was a sov'reign sot.
His game of love were Ovid to have play'd,
The poet had the better hero made. 875

At last with gifts he did the loss restore,
And that she was untouch'd profoundly swore,
Swore by his sceptre;—nor can that seem odd;
He knew his sceptre but a wooden god.

O could you once arrive but to the pow'r 880
As unconcern'd, to pass your mistress' door!
Strongly resolve, tho' ne'er so loath to stir,
For now's the time to stretch with whip and spur.
Think there's the Siren's den, the deadly bay,
Make all the sail you can and scud away. 885
Your fond resentment quit, and condescend
To take your very rival for your friend.
Salute him kindly, tho' with deep regret;
Embrace him, I'll pronounce your cure complet.

Now to perform a true physician's part, 890
And shew I'm perfect master of my art;
I will prescribe what diet you should use,
What food you ought to take, and what refuse.
Mushrooms of ev'ry sort provoke desire,
Salacious rockets set your veins on fire: 895
The plant I recommend is wholesome rue,
It clears the sight, and does the blood subdue:
But in a word, of all the herbs that grow,
Take only such as keep the body low.
If my opinion you would have of wine, 900
It quenches love, and does to love incline.
A little breadth of wind but fans the fire,
Whose flame will in a greater blast expire.

In wine you must no moderation keep: 904 }
You must not drink at all ; or drink so deep, }
So large a dose, as puts your cares to sleep. }

Now to our port we are arriv'd ; bring down
The jolly wreath, our weary bark to crown.
Your grief redrest, and now a happy throng, 909
Ye nymphs and youths applaud my healing song.

OVID'S

ART OF BEAUTY.

Once more, ye fair, attend your master's song,
And learn what method will your charms prolong;
What happy art best recommends the face;
What heightens beauty; what preserves a grace.
Art improves nature; 'twas by art we found 5
The vast advantage of the furrow'd ground;
The soil manur'd, a fruitful harvest bore,
Where thorns and hungry brambles grew before;
By art the gard'ner grafts his trees, to bear
A kinder fruit, and recompense his care. 10
A gilded roof delights our captive eyes,
And stately monuments the sight surprise,
The sordid earth beneath the polish'd marble lies.
The fleece may be with royal purple dy'd,
And India precious ivory provide, 15
To please your fancies, and supply your pride.
When Tatius rul'd the antient Sabine race,
Then, rough, and careless of a handsome face,

The women took more pains to earn their bread
 At plough, and cart, than how to dress their head ;20
 All day their task the busy matrons ply'd,
 Or spinning sat, as to their distaffs ty'd.
 The mother then at night would fold the sheep,
 Her little daughter us'd by day to keep.
 And when at home, would cleave out logs of wood,
 Or kindle up a fire to boil their food. 26

But you, by nature form'd in finer molds,
 Must wrap your tender limbs in silken folds;
 Wear lawns, and tissue, sleep in damask beds,
 And with gay knots and wires adorn your heads. 30
 Your ears with pendants, lockets on your arms,
 Besides a thousand other nameless charms.
 Nor needs this care to please a blush create ;
 The men themselves have learn'd to dress of late.
 You are not now particular in clothes, 35
 The husband and the bridegroom both are beaux.
 Dress then, (and 'tis no sin to dress with art)
 For that's the way to wound the lover's heart.

Ev'n those that live remote in country towns, }
 Will dress their hair with flow'rs, and daisie crowns, }
 And deck and prank themselves, to please the clowns. }
 Besides, all women take a secret pride
 In being fine, (or else they are bely'd ;)
 For when the conscious maid her glass explores,
 And finds she's handsome, she herself adores. 45

Thus Juno's bird with silent pride will raise,
 And spread his starry plumes, when e'er he meets
 with praise.

This method will oblige our sex to love,
 And more than magic herbs their passions move.
 Trust not to philters, all such stuff forbear, 50
 Nor try the venom of the lustful mare;
 'Tis all a jest——no snakes by such a force
 Enchanted burst, no rivers change their course:
 Nor can they make the moon from heav'n descend;
 Whate'er some superstitious fools pretend. 55

First learn good breeding, that I first advise;
 Good carriage oft the other wants supplies.
 For when ill-natur'd age shall rudely plow
 Injurious furrows on your wrinkled brow,
 You then perhaps may chide the tell-tale glass, 60
 That shews the frightful ruins of your face:
 But if good humour to the last remain,
 Ev'n age may please, and love his force retain.

Now on, my muse; and tell'em, when they rise, }
 When downy sleep forsakes their tender eyes, 65 }
 How they may look as fair as morning skies. }
 Vetches, and beaten barley let 'em take,
 And with the whites of eggs a mixture make,
 Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind,
 And into powder very gently grind. 70
 Get hartshorn next, (but let it be the first
 That creature sheds,) and beat it well to dust.

Six pounds in all : then mix and sift 'em well,
 And think the while how fond Narcissus fell :
 Six roots to you that pensive flow'r must yield, 75
 To mingle with the rest, well bruise'd, and cleanly
 peel'd.

Two ounces next of gum, and thural seed, }
 That for the gracious gods does incense breed, }
 And let a double share of honey last succeed. }
 With this whatever damsel paints her face, 80
 Will need no flatt'ring glass to shew a grace

Nor fear to break the lupine shell in vain, }
 Take out the seeds, then close it up again, }
 But do it quick, and grind both shell and grain : }
 Six pounds of each : take finest ceruse next, 85
 With flow'r de lis, and snow of nitre mixt :

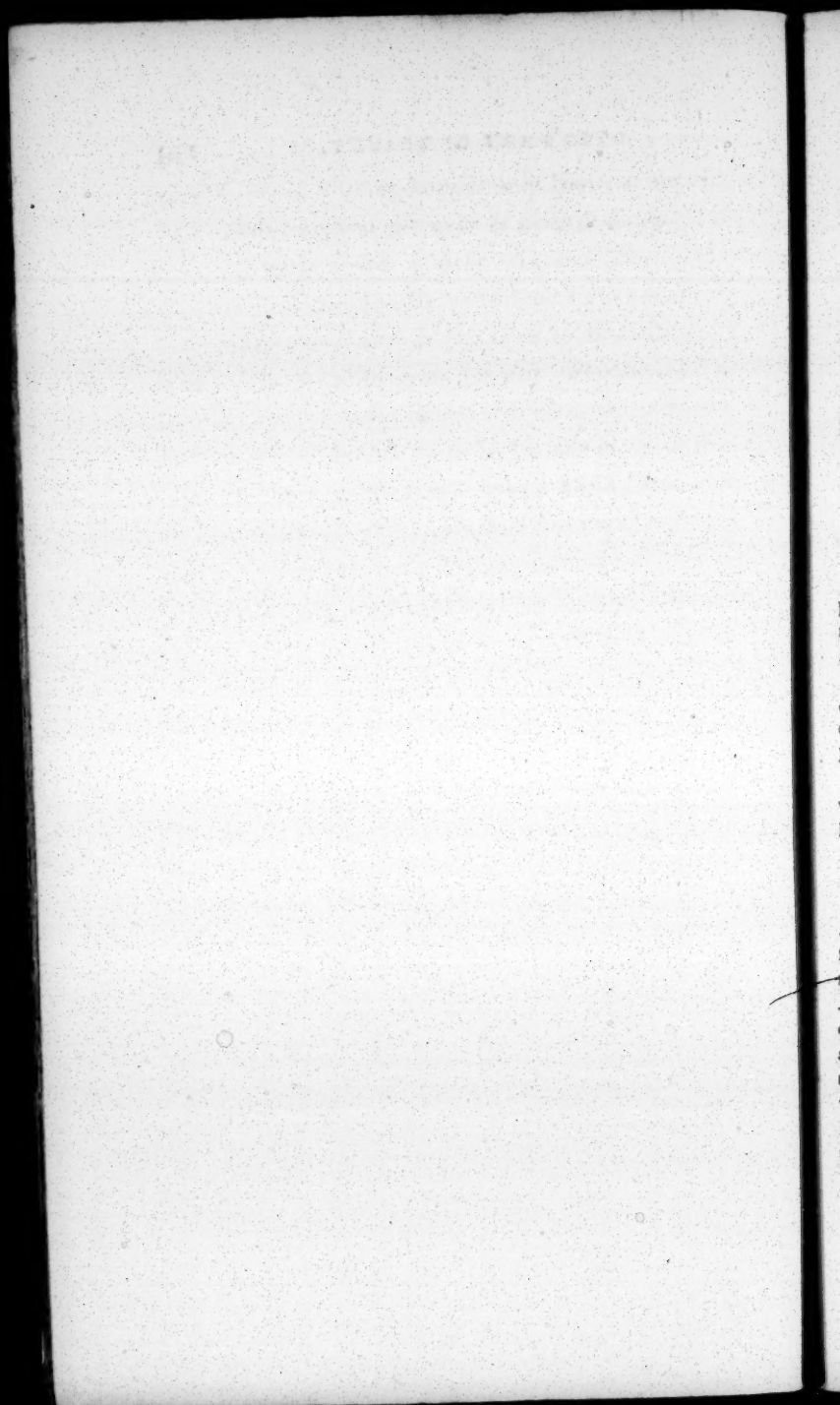
These let some brawny beater strongly pound, }
 That makes the mortar with loud strokes resound : }
 Till just an ounce the composition's found. }

Add next the froth of which the Halcyon builds 90
 Her floating nest ; a precious balm it yields,
 That clears the face from freckles in a trice :
 Of this about three ounces may suffice.

But ere you use it, rob the lab'ring bee,
 To fix the mass, and make the parts agree. 95
 Then add your nitre, but with special care,
 And take of frankincense an equal share :
 Tho' frankincense the angry gods appease,
 We must not waste it all their luxury to please.

To this put a small quantity of gum, 100
With so much myrrh, as may the rest perfume.
Let these, well beat, be thro' a scarce refin'd,
And see you keep the honey all behind.

A handful too, of well dry'd rose leaves take,
With frankincense, and sal ammoniac: 105
Of frankincense a double portion use;
Then into these the oil of malt infuse.
Thus in short time a rosy blush will grace,
And with a thousand charms supply the face:
Some too, in water, leaves of poppies bruise, 110
And spread upon their cheeks the purple juice.



NOTES

ON THE

ART OF LOVE.

BOOK I.

V. 12. *Receiv'd the Rod.*] Achilles submitted to the discipline of the Centaur Chiron; and when he had committed a fault, held out his hands to the ferula, or rather rods, for correction.

V. 13. *Chiron.*] Ovid calls him Phillyrides, that is the son of Philyra; for Chiron was the son of Philyra, daughter of Oceanus and Saturn; who made love to her in the shape of a horse, according to Aratus, and Ovid himself.

V. 30. *Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds.*] From whence the ancients drew their auguries. To which the poet here alludes.

*Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green,*

As if he wou'd have said, I am not Hesiod, who as he kept his flocks in the vale of Ascrea (that poet being a shepherd) saw the nine muses, who inspir'd him to make verses. The vale of Ascrea was at the foot of mount Helicon, where Dios and Lycameda, Hesiod's father and mother, dwelt, and cultivated a small farm belonging to them. Ovid names Clio only of all the nine in this place. The fable tells us, she and her sisters were born of Jupiter's caresses of Mnemosyne, that is, Memory. From whence 'tis easy to see the ancients must not always be taken literally, when they write of love.

V. 35. *Far hence ye vestals be, who bind your hair.*] The author forwarns all virgins, and chaste persons, not to follow, in all things, the precepts of this book.

*You who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame.*

The poet here gives his advice to three things; To seek after an amiable object, To win it by respect and complacency, and not to lose it after once gotten. All this agrees very well with a young man, who looks out for a lovely virgin to marry her; and in an allegorical sense to a philosopher, in his search after wisdom, and the arts which he desires to possess. And in this the division of the two first books consists.

V. 72. *In summer heat's thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady Portico.*]

This was a shady walk which Pompey built for the people; and there were several in Rome of the same sort; but the most admirable one of all the porticos, was the Corinthian, near the Flaminian Cirque, built by Cneius Octavius; 'twas so call'd because 'twas supported by pillars of Corinthian brass. There was another of the same name in the field of Mars, built at a very great expence, and enriched, according to Pliny, with very fine paintings, drawn by the painter Antiphilus; one of which represented the fable of Cadmus and Europa.

V. 160. *Nor need is there of talking on the hand,
Nor nods nor signs which lovers understand.*]

It is plain, by this, the ancient Romans used to make love by signs on their fingers like the modern Spaniards and Portuguese; and this talking on the fingers is very common among us ever since Dr. Holder and Dr. Wallis taught Mr. Popham, who was born deaf and dumb, with whom I have myself held a conversation of many hours, and that many hundred times, by the help of our fingers. But the poet says, there was no occasion for this dumb language at the Cirque; for there was so much noise, that lovers might entertain one another as they pleased, without fear of being overheard.

V. 167. *Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse.*] They entered the field by troops, and every troop in a particular livery.

V. 198. *Cæsar would represent a naval fight.*] The naval combats were represented in a place dug on purpose on the banks of the Tiber; it was call Naumachia; and when occasion required, the river water was let into it.

V. 301. *Where priests for their promotion fight a prize.*] The sovereign priest of Diana Aricina called himself king, and often got that dignity by getting the better of his opponent in single combat.

V. 330. *A bull appear'd.*] Pasiphæ, daughter of the sun, and wife to Minos king of Crete, is fabled to be enamour'd of a bull; and Dædalus, the famous mechanick, assisted her to enjoy her detestable desires, by making a machine like a cow, within which, Ovid tells us, that she was carressed by her gallant. From this intrigue the Minotaur was born, half a man and half a bull, who was inclosed in a labyrinth, and, by the assistance of Ariadne, killed by Theseus.

V. 340. *Not Crete, tho' lying can the truth conceal.*] The Creteans were always reckoned liars; and St. Paul, in his epistle to Titus, quotes a verse of Epimenides, on the same subject, *Creteuses semper mendaces, &c.* We did not think it decent to give the English text in such a place as this.

V. 369. *Now would she be Europa, lo now.*] This known fable is told us thus: Jupiter falling in love with Europa daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, and taking the shape of a bull, ravished her in the Dictæan cave, and begot Minos and Radamanthus, as we may read in the Metamorphoses. The fable of Io is this: she is said to be the daughter of Inachus, debauched by Jupiter, and turned into a cow, which jealous Juno perceiving, she begged the cow; and commanded Argus, who had a hundred eyes, to watch her; but Mercury killed her keeper by Jupiter's order. Upon which Juno struck Io with madness, and she flung herself into the sea, which from her was called the Ionian, and swimming to Ægypt, was there worshipped by the name of Isis, having first resumed her shape, and married king Osiris.

V. 375. *If Atreus' wife to incest had not run.*] Atreus's wife's name was Europa, she suffered herself to be debauched by her brother-in-law Thyestes.

V. 379. *Thy daughter, Nisus.*] Her name was Scylla, and she betrayed her father, in favour of her gallant Minos.

B ij

V. 382. *Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.*] Clytemnestra, and the adulterer Ægistheus, murdered Agamemnon.

V. 386. *Hippolytus by Phædra fell.*] Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was pulled to pieces by horses.

V. 473. *Nor when the Romans were at Allia slain.*] That was a very unfortunate day for the people of Rome, their army being cut to pieces by the Gauls near the river Allia, the 15th of the calends of August, in the year of the city 363.

V. 477. *When bribes and presents must be sent of course.*] On the mistress's birth-day: these presents were commonly cakes; but we find the ladies were not satisfied with cakes only, they wanted pendants for their ears; and the way to get them is much the same in the galant world now as in Ovid's days.

V. 525. *Cydippe by a letter was betray'd.*] This was a beautiful young lady of the isle of Delos, with whom Ancontius, of the island of Ceas, falling in love upon seeing her in the temple of Diana, and not daring to declare his passion, he contrived a way to write to her, on a golden apple, the two verses which are cited in Cydippe's epistle; where is to be seen what happened afterwards, and on what account, Cydippe was obliged to entertain Acontius as he desired.

V. 599. *Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore.*] The poet tells what happened to Ariadne after Theseus had forsaken her; Bacchus came, comforted, and married her.

V. 620. *Silenus on his ass.*] The nursing father and pedagogue of Bacchus, with whom Ovid makes merry here.

V. 625. *The satyrs laugh.*] Ovid calls them light satyrs; and the translator, a few lines before, *scudding satyrs*, from their speed in running. Pliny, who tells us more than we believe, says there was a race of them in the East-Indies that had four feet, but they ran only with two; that they had human faces like men; and that it was impossible to catch them unless they were old or sick. St. Jerom makes mention of a satyr that appeared to St. Anthony when he was going to visit Paul the hermit. But the saint and the naturalist are in this case of equal authority.

V. 675. *Eurytion justly fell.*] Eurythus or Eurytion was one of the centaurs at Pirithous's wedding, who got so drunk that he attempted to ravish Hippodamia the bride; but Theseus knocked him down with a bowl, and made him bring his wine up again with blood.

V. 695. *Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by.]* MODESTY IS A VICE, when it hinders us from doing any thing that is profitable to us; and the misfortune is, it generally comes upon us unseasonably, and when it should not. Love and fortune favour the bold, which daily experience shews to be an eternal truth.

V. 748. *Inform'd the king.]* Busires king of Egypt, son of Neptune and Libya, whose story is told at large by Herodotus, and in the 4th book of Seneca's Natural Questions; as is also that of Phalaris, tyrant of Sicily, and Perillus, who invented the brazen bull for that tyrant; an invention to put poor wretches to a cruel death, and by a just judgment of Heaven the inventor was the first who made trial of it.

V. 783. *Fair Phæbe, and her sister, did prefer,
To their dull mates, the noble ravisher.*

Phæbe and Illara were two daughters of Leucippus, both famous for their beauty. Their father promised them in marriage to Idas and Lynceus, but Castor and Pollux stole them away from him. Idas and Lynceus pursuing the ravishers, Castor fell by the hand of Lynceus, and Lynceus was himself slain by Pollux: Idas running upon the latter, to revenge the death of his companion, was struck to the ground by thunder at Pollux's feet.

V. 868. *'Tis true Patroclus, &c.]* Patroclus, son of Menæceus, and grand-son of Actor, who having killed Clytonymus, son of Amphidamus, was banished his country and came to Phthia, where he remained with Peleus, Achilles's father, his kinsman. By this means he contracted a strict friendship with Achilles, and accompanied him to the siege of Tröy, where he was killed.

BOOK II.

V. 184. *And none the soft Chaonian bird molest.]* The Chaonian bird is the dove.

V. 222. *And lions, &c.*] In some editions it is *tumidosque leones*; in some, *numidasque leones*; the former does as well as the latter. For it is certain no creature is so stately and fierce as a lion; who, when he is hunted by dogs and huntsmen in the open field, seems to despise his pursuers, and flies slowly from them; but when he is in the woods, and thinks his shame may be saved by flight, he runs with great speed to avoid them. The first that ever tamed a lion, was a noble Carthagenian, whose name was Hanno; and he was condemned for that very reason; the Carthagenians not thinking their liberty could be secure, while a person lived who was able to tame so fierce an animal.

V. 254. *And well deserv'd that Heav'n whose weight he bore.*] Speaking still of Hercules, who having learned astrology of Atlas king of Mauritania, as Diodorus says, the poets feigned he helped the same Atlas to bear up the sky.

V. 256. *And grasp the distaff with obedient hands.*] Speaking of Hercules, who for the love of Omphale used the distaff and basket according to the fashion of the Ionian damsels.

V. 287. *Thus thro' the boist'rous seas Leander mov'd.*] Hero, a priestess of Venus, lived near the Hellespont, Leander being in love with her, used to swim over that arm of the sea every night to make her a visit. She directed his course by a light, but it going out one night, Leander was drowned; upon which she threw herself into the sea.

V. 229. *When servants merry make, &c.*] This has allusion to a festival celebrated at Rome by the servants, in remembrance of a great piece of service their predecessors had done the Romans, soon after the invasion of the Gauls; the time of celebrating it was in July. It was done in honour of Juno Capotrina, according to Macrobius in his Saturnalia, book 1, chap. 11. The free maidens and servants, says the same author, sacrificed on that day to Juno, under a wild fig-tree, called in Latin *caprificus*, in memory of that complaisant virtue which inspired the servant-maids to expose themselves to the lust and revenge of the enemy, for the preservation of the public honour. For after the Gauls had taken the city, and were driven out again, when things were restored to their former order, the neighbouring nations, believing the Romans were very much weakened by the late invasion, siege, and sack, took hold of that opportunity to invade them, choosing Posthumus Livius of Fidenæ

for their chief, and demanded of the senate, that if they would preserve their city and authority, they should send them their wives and daughters. The senators taking the matter into consideration, could not tell what answer to return. They knew their own weakness, and the strength of their enemies; and in this uncertainty a servant-maid called Tutela or Philotis, offered to go with some other maids of the same condition to the enemy. This proposal was generally liked, and accordingly the maids were dressed like the wives of senators, and the daughters of free-citizens, and went weeping to put themselves into the hands of the invaders. Livius ordered them to be dispersed into several quarters; and, as they had agreed among themselves, they tempted their new husbands to drink, pretending that day ought to be celebrated as a festival; and when they were almost dead drunk, they gave the Romans a signal from the top of a fig-tree to fall on. The latter were encamped not far off, and at this signal they assaulted and easily mastered the enemy's camp, putting most of them to the sword. The senate, to reward this important service, ordered that the servants should be made free, that they should have portions paid them out of the public treasury, and allowed them to wear the ornaments they had taken. The day on which this happy expedition was executed, was called Caprotine Nones, from the wild fig-tree *Caprificus*, from whence a signal was given to the Romans to sally out and gain so glorious a victory, in remembrance of which action the servants sacrificed every year under this, or some other fig-tree.

V. 419. *When Sparta's prince.*] Menelaus was then absent in Crete, whither he and his brother Agamemnon went to divide the estate left them by their father Atreus.

V. 422. *Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea spilt.*] Medea, to be revenged of Jason for his inconstancy, murdered her own children after they had lived together ten years with Creon king of Corinth: she did this when Jason left her to marry Creusa; or, as Diodorus names her, Glauca, the king's daughter; from thence she fled to Thebes; and thence to Ægeus, king of Athens, who banished her. Some authors write she burnt Jason and Creusa, by setting their palace on fire. What is more certain is, that Euripides has written a very fine tragedy on this subject: and it is said Ovid did the same.

V. 424. *And Progne's unrelenting fury proves.*] Progne, wife of Tereus king of Thrace, who killed her own daughters, and

presented them to her husband, because he had ravished her sister Philomela.

V. 471. *New eggs they take.*] Especially hens and partridges, which as Almanzor teaches, are wonderfully provocative. Pliny says they are very nourishing, if not eaten to excess. Horace prefers your longish eggs to those that are round.

And honey's liquid juice.] The poet says honey of Hymetta from a hill in Attica, where flowers grew continually, and excellent honey was made, as Strabo witnesses, as well as Pliny and several others. The honey of Hybla in Sicily was also in great esteem. That of Narbonne in France, and Hampshire in England, has as good a name as the Hymetian or Hyblæan honey. The kernels of the pine-apple and pistachos are mentioned by the author as provocatives; and Pliny observes they strengthen the reins.

V. 556. *First know yourself.*] This was a saying of Chilo the Lacedæmonian, who was one of the seven wise men of Greece. Pliny mentions him; and this saying was so highly esteemed, that it was written in letters of gold in the temple at Delphos.

V. 640. *A journey feigns.*] To Lemnos, as the poets say, an island in the Ægean sea, over against mount Athos, according to Pliny. Ephstia and Myrine were two cities in it, in ancient times, whither, during the solstice, the mountain used to send its shade. It was in this isle that Vulcan fell, when his father Jupiter flung him from Heaven; and he then became a cripple, as we find in Valerius Flaccus, book 11.

V. 660. *Never his intercepted joys disclose.*] He means intercepting a rival's letter and discovering the contents. To intercept letters, and divulge a secret, were crimes punishable by the laws, by banishment, or interdiction of fire and water, by which was understood exile.

V. 665. *His witty torments Tantalus deserves.*] Tantalus, king of Phrygia and Paphlagonia, according to the poets the son of Jupiter and Plota. He entertained the gods at his table, cut his son Pelops in pieces, and served him up with the meat. The gods discovered it, and would not eat, only Ceres, being thinking on Proserpine, eat his left shoulder. Jupiter raised him to life again, and gave him a shoulder of ivory instead of that which had been eaten. As for Tantalus he was condemned to Hell to eternal hunger and thirst. He stood in a lake to the chin, where the water went back, whensoever he would be sup-

ping; and the branch of fruit that hung over him, always deceived him the very expectation.

V. 753. *Not pictur'd postures, &c.*] He speaks of obscene pictures representing nudities, and different postures such as Carraccio's and Aretin's in latter days. For there was as bad in old times composed by Elephantis from which Tiberius took the figures that were painted in his bed-chamber and closet.

V. 809. *As Calchas could explain the mystick bird.*] As he could observe the flights of birds, or the entrails of beasts. Calchas was the son of Thestor, as Homer writes in his first Iliad, famous for his skill in the art of divination, which he learned of Apollo. He accompanied the Greeks to the siege of Troy, though he was himself a Trojan, if we may believe Dictys Cretensis; but, says he, it was by Apollo's order. And Servius informs us, that finding Mopsus excelled him in his own art, he died of grief.

B O O K I I I.

V. 10. *If false Eriphyle forsook her faith.*] Eriphyle, daughter of Talaon king of Argos, and wife of Amphiarus, being covetous of a gold chain, which Venus had given Hermione, and which Polynice's wife had received as a present from that unfortunate prince, he gave it her on condition she obliged her husband to go to the Theban war, in which he knew he would perish; and she prevailed with him to go. This princess being thus the occasion of her husband's death, is often represented as an instance of the falsehood and vanity of the sex.

V. 21. *Penelope was loyal.*] Penelope, daughter of Icarus and Polycasta. Her chastity is often mentioned to the reputation of the fair.

V. 26. *Think how Alcestis' piety was prov'd.*] Alcestis, Admetus's wife, who offered to die to lengthen her husband's life: she was a Thessalian, and daughter of Pelias.

V. 57. *Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell,*

V. 58. *Nine times, &c.*] Phyllis, daughter of Lycurgus king

of Thrace, despairing of the return of Demophoon son of Theseus, to whom she had granted her last favours, was about to hang herself; when, as the fable says, the gods, in compassion to her, turned her to an almond tree without leaves: Demophoon some time after this returning, went and embraced his metamorphosed mistress, and the tree afterwards put forth leaves, hence called Phulla but formerly Petala. *Nine times*, to shew that she as often went to the sea side expecting to meet him.

V. 78. *The bard who injur'd Helen.*] The poet Stesichorus, on whose lips a nightingale sung when he was a child, a sure prognostick of his being a famous poet. Pliny writes thus of him: he wrote a bitter satire against Helen, for which her brothers Castor and Poilux plucked out his eyes; but some time after he was restored to his sight, having recanted in his *Palinodia*, a poem quite contrary to the former.

V. 123. *Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian swain.*] Endymion, with whom, according to that fable, the moon fell in love, and descended to converse with him on mount Lamos in Caria; because, as Pliny says, he was the first who observed the motion of that planet.

V. 163. *This capitol with that of old compare.*] The capitol was a hill in Rome, so called from a man's head which was found there as the Romans were digging the foundation of the temple of Jupiter. It first went by the name of Saturnian, and afterwards by that of Tarpeian, from the name of the vestal Tarpeia, who was crushed to death by the weight of the arms of the Sabines that were thrown upon her, after she delivered the place to them on condition those arms should be given her. Tarquin built a temple there which was dedicated by the consul Horatius. This edifice being, as Appian writes, destroyed in the civil wars, Sylla rebuilt it, and Catullus dedicated it. Vespasian restored it after he had put an end to the war against the Vitellians, or the party of Vitellius: it was not many years before it was burnt and Domitian rebuilt it again, as Tacitus reports in his 10th book.

V. 165. *That lofty pile where senates dilate law.*] Varro writes there were two sorts of courts in the capitol; one for the delivering sacred matters, and the other for the affairs of state. Both the one and the other were called *Curia*, a *curando*, from the care that was taken there: one went by the name of *Hostilia*,

from Hostilius, the fourth king of Rome; and before this were the Rostra, which took their names from the heads of ships that were hung up there, as may be seen in the 8th book of Livy, and here was the tribunal for the pleaders. Pedianus observes it join'd the court of which Ovid speaks.

V. 211. *Men ill supply those hairs, &c.*] Whereas Pliny observes that women rarely shed their hair, eunuchs not at all; and no body, if we may believe him, *ante veneris usum*, neither on the hind-part of the heads, nor about their temples and ears; for there is no animal that turns bald, except man. Those that are naturally bald, cannot be said to turn so.

V. 213. *Women, with juice of herbs, &c.*] They dyed their hair with the juice of herbs, according to the fashion of the Germans, who make use of certain herbs to black their hair, or dye them of any other colour to disguise their age, and appear young.

V. 220. *Or with the Tyrian dye.*] The Tyrian scarlet was the finest dye in the world, preferable to that of Amyclea near Sparta, though that was also excellent. This scarlet is often confounded with purple, of which there were two sorts, one of a pomegranate colour, as the African, and the other of the reddish scarlet, as the Tyrian.

V. 226. *As if the golden fleece, &c.*] The colour like that of Phryxus's ram. He was the son of Athamas king of Thebes, and to avoid the anger of Ino his mother-in-law, fled with his sister Helle upon a ram with a golden fleece. His sister tumbling into the sea, gave it the name of Hellespont, but he arriving at Colchos sacrificed the ram to Mars, who placed it in the zodiac, and hung up his golden fleece in the temple, consecrating it to Mars, under the keeping of a dragon. Nephele, his mother, gave him his golden ram, which Eusebius interprets to be a ship called the ram, with the figure of that animal represented in the stern.

V. 278. *Even Myro's statues.*] Pliny writes there were two famous statuaries of this name, one a Lycian, Polycletes's disciple, who flourished in the 87th Olympiad; the other a native of Eleuthera, Ageladis's disciple, who made that admirable brazen cow, of which so much is said, and several other pieces of sculpture which are mightily praised by antiquity.

V. 322. *Not to a Semele, or Leda bright.*] There are few fables better known than those of Semele or Leda. This poet often

makes mention of them. Semele was daughter of Cadmus, and mother of Bacchus by Jupiter, whom having the curiosity to enjoy in all his celestial majesty, she was burnt by lightning. Leda was the daughter of Thestius, and mother of Castor and Pollux, Clytemnestra and Helena. Castor and Clytemnestra by her husband Tyndarus, king of Oebalia, and Pollux and Helena by Jupiter, who in the shape of a swan enjoyed her, as she bathed in the river Eurotas; she was afterwards delivered of an egg, whence they both proceeded.

V. 323. *Nor an Europa, these my rules I write.*] The Sidonian Europa, daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, whom Jupiter fell in love with, and ravished her in the shape of a bull: he carried her to Crete, and she there brought him three sons, Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Sarpedon. After that Asterius, having no children, married her, adopted Jupiter's sons, and left his kingdom to them, as Diodorus informs us. Europa is called the Sidonian, from the city Sidon built by the Phœnicians, and who, according to Justin, called it Sidon from Sidone, which signifies fish, there being great plenty of it in that city.

V. 344. *If pale let her the crimson juice apply.*] The vermilion, *purpureis virgis*.

V. 345. *If swarthy to the Pharian varnish fly.*] Pharos was a little island at the mouth of the Nile, near the port of Alexandria, where antiently stood a high stately tower, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. Ptolemy Philadelphus spent 800 talents in building it: we read of it in Cæsar's Commentaries. In this island were abundance of crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles or spots in the face, and whiten the skin.

V. 348. *Round shoulders bolster'd up, &c.*] Analecides, little bolsters of flocks. The same invention is used in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calved stockings for the men. And it is satisfactory to the curious to know the fashion is 1800 years old.

V. 386. *Sirens, tho' monsters, &c.*] Ovid here advises the ladies to learn to sing, and takes his comparisons from the sirens daughters of Achelaus and the muse Calliope, or Terpsichore, according to others. They were three in number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Legia, half women and half fish; one made use of her voice, another of her lyre, and another of her flute. Their haunt was on the coast of Sicily, where they charmed voyagers by their singing, but Ulysses escaped them. Ovid, in-

stead of Ulysses, says Sysiphides, the son of Sysiphus; for that of Autolica, Laertes's wife and Ulysses's mother, debauched by Sysiphus, and bore Ulysses by him.

V. 406. *But softest Sappho best instructs to love.*] Sappho is made famous by almost all the poets of antiquity, as well as by her own writings. She was born at Mitylene, in the isle of Lesbos, and was contemporary with Alceus. She writ nine books of elegy, and several epigrams and satires. The Sapphick verses took their name from her. There is nothing of her compositions extant, besides a hymn to Venus, and an ode to a young girl whom she loved. According to some authors, she flung herself into the sea, because Phaon neglected her. Her sentiments were very tender in her verses, wherefore Ovid advises lovers to read them here.

V. 407. *Tibullus.*] Every body who is the least acquainted with antiquity, knows he was one of the finest wits of the Augustan age, and a man of gallantry and profusion, wasting his estate, even while he was in his youth, on his extravagancies and pleasures. Horace speaks of him as his friend; and Ovid reckons him amongst the best writers of his time. What is extant of his writings proves, that Ovid has not put him out of his place.

V. 424. *Witness the well kept dancers of the stage.*] The Romans were great encouragers of their dancers and mimes; some of them grew very eminent, as Roscius Amerinus, for whom Cicero pronounced that fine oration; some of them also grew prodigiously rich, as Clodias Æsopus, of whose luxury Pliny makes mention; and Horace, in the 3d satire of his 2d book, speaks of the son of this Æsopus, who swallowed a pearl of great price in one of his frolics.

V. 469. *Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen.*] Every one has heard of Apelles, the famous painter. He was a native of Cos, or as others write of Ephesus, and born in the 112th Olympiad, about the 422d year of Rome. For his great skill in his art, he was called the prince of painters; and so industrious, that *Nulla dies sine linea*, is his known motto. Alexander forbid any painter but him to draw his picture. His master-piece was reckoned the Venus rising out of the sea, of which Ovid speaks, and which the emperor Augustus dedicated in the temple of his father Julius Cæsar. This piece was at last ruined by time, and Nero put another in its place, drawn by Dorotheus. Apelles had begun another Venus for the inhabitants of Cos,

which would have excelled the first, but he was hindered by death from finishing it, and after him none had the boldness to put the last hand to it, as Pliny informs us.

V. 496. *How could Andromeda.*] She was the daughter of Cepheus king of Arcadia, and for her mother's pride, in comparing her beauty to that of the Nerides, was exposed to a horrible sea-monster, from whom she was delivered by Perseus, who by a look of Medusa's head turned the monster into a stone; it is so easy to explain this fable, that the reader will do it himself as he passes it over.

V. 510. *Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.*] Priam king of Troy, and father of Paris, who stole Helen, was for restoring her to the Greeks when they demanded her by their ambassadors, but other counsels prevailing, the war ensued, which ended in the destruction of Troy, and the death of Priam, who was killed by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, after 40 years reign.

NOTES

ON THE

REMEDY OF LOVE.

V. 6. *Like Diomed, to wound the queen of love.*] Alluding to that passage in Homer, where he makes Venus wounded by Diomedes in her right hand; see the fifth Iliad.

V. 50. *Such was the cure th' Arcadian hero found.*] Telephus king of Mysia, son of Hercules and Auge, daughter of the king of Arcadia. He was called Telephus, from his having been nursed by a doe in a wild place, where he was found by shepherds, who carried him to Corytus king of Thessaly, by whom he was adopted for his son. When he was grown up to man's estate he went to Delphos, to inquire out his Parents of the oracle, which bid him go to Theutras king of Mysia, where he should be informed of what he desired; he there found his mother Auge, and when his birth was known, great was the joy of the Mysian court. Theutras, who had no male issue, gave him his daughter Argiope in marriage, and left him his successor in the kingdom when he died. The Trojan war happening some time after, the Greeks, who did not very well know their way to Troy, landed in Mysia, where Telephus gave them battle, and wounded Ulysses, but was himself dangerously wounded by Achilles: consulting the oracle about his cure, he was told he could never be cured unless he was wounded again in the same place with the same lance; upon which he went to Greece, whither the Grecians were returned, and promised Achilles to be his guide to Troy, if he would cure him; accordingly the Grecian hero did cure him with the same lance that gave him the wound. Diodorus Siculus tells this story in his fifth book, with large circumstances. The lance was called Pelias, from Pelion or Peleus, the name of Achilles's father.

V. 109. *Poor Myrrha ne'er had been.*] The history of Myrrha's passion for her father Cinyras, is admirably related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book 7.

V. 119. *When Philoctetes, &c.*] He was the son of Pæan, and Hercules's faithful companion, who made him swear he would never discover where he lay buried, and gave him his arrows dipt in Hydra's blood. The Greeks being told by the oracle that they should never take Troy till they found the fatal arrows, importuned Philoctetes to tell them where they were hid, which was in Hercules's tomb, and he discovered it by stamping on it with his foot, to keep himself from perjury; but he was wounded in the foot for his prevarication, by one of those arrows when he went to the Trojan war. However Machaon cured him. Ulysses brought him to Troy and boasted of it in the speech he made to the Grecian princes, when he demanded Achilles's arms. See 13th book of the *Metamorphoses*.

V. 268. *And what did Circe's, &c.*] Circe poison'd her husband, the king of Sarmatæ, and was therefore banished by her subjects.

V. 393. *Malice gave obscure Zoilus a name.*] Vitruvius (lib. 7. de Arch.) relates of this Zoilus, that having compiled books against Homer, and read them to Ptolemy king of Egypt, the king made him no reply, being displeased that he should presume to censure so great a poet. Zoilus afterwards being reduced to want, came to beg relief of the same Ptolemy, who thus answered, *What! have the works of Homer, after his having been a thousand years in his grave been able to maintain millions of men; and cannot you, who pretend yourself a greater wit than he, by your writings maintain one?* Almost all masters in any of the sciences have had their Zoilus's.

V. 494. *The beauteous captive, &c.*] Her name was Astynome, and her father's Chryses. He was Apollo's priest; and the god to revenge the affront offered him in the person of his priest, sent a plague among the Greeks for Agamemnon's ravishing her, which was not taken off till that king of kings restored the young lady to her father by Calchas's advice. This story is described at large in the first book of Homer's *Iliads*, as is also the rape of Briseis, Achilles's mistress, who was so disgusted at Agamemnon's taking her from him, that he refused to fight, and kept himself close in his tent, till hearing his friend Patroclus, to whom he had lent his arms, was killed, he returned to the battle and slew Hector.

V. 629. *My Palinurus gone.*] Palinurus was one of Æneas's companions, and his pilot, who falling asleep at the helm, tumbled with it in his hand into the sea, and after three days swimming arrived at port Velino in Italy, where he was robbed and killed by the inhabitants. For this they were severely plagued, and having consulted Apollo's oracle, to appease his ghost consecrated a grove to him, and built him a tomb on the next promontory, called still by the Italians the cape of Palinurus.

V. 641. *To comfort you, some Pylades admit.*] Pylades, son of king Strophius, and faithful friend of Orestes, whom he would have saved from being sacrificed to Diana, pretending he was Orestes; Orestes affirming to the contrary; but the generous strife was ended by the priestess Iphigenia, who knowing her brother Orestes, both were saved.

V. 781. *His quiver and his sounding harp.*] The same Mercury gave him, with which he vanquished Marsyas, who challenged him to a trial of skill in music, for which he was a little too severely punished. Apollo himself repenting of it, is said to have broke the strings of his lyre, and, according to Diodorus, would not a long time make use of it.

V. 783. *Compare your bastard scarlet, &c.*] The Lacedæmonian with the Tyrian; for the dye of Amyclea, near Lacedæmon, was inferior to that of Tyre, as Pliny witnesses; *rorem purpure præcipuum esse Asiæ in Tyro*: for such was the opinion the ancients had of it. We have noted as much before.

V. 806. *Althæa burnt the fatal brand.*] Althæa wife of Oënus king of Calydonia, and mother of Meleager, who hearing all her sons were killed in a sedition, in a fury flung the brand into the fire, upon which the fate of Meleager depended, and then stabbed or hanged herself.

V. 818. *To have shunn'd th' Eubæan coast.*] Nauplius king of Eubæa and Seriphas, the father of Palamedes, to revenge the death of his son, set up a watch-light upon a promontory, which the Greeks, being overtaken in a storm, took for a signal of a safe landing-place and so fell in among the rocks, as Nauplius intended it; but he finding Ulysses had escaped, in a rage threw himself into the sea. These lights are now used to shew where rocks lie.

V. 820. *When Scylla's rocks they spy.*] Scylla daughter of Nisus. She was changed into a rock near Charybdis in the Si-

cilian straits: or as others say, in the straits of Mégara; but it is controverted whether she was the same who was metamorphosed into a rock or not. There were two Scyllas, and the poets confound the fables one with another. This Scylla was the daughter of Phareus, who, according to the fable, was changed into a monster, whose lower parts were dogs; and the occasion of it was the deadful noise made by the waves and winds on that rock.

V. 823. *You hear Charybdis roar, &c.*] Servius tells us she was a gluttonous woman, who having stolen Hercules's oxen, was thunderstruck by Jupiter, and thrown headlong into the sea, where she keeps still her natural disposition of devouring all things. This rock lies over-against Zancleæ in Sicily, at the entrance of the straits of Messina, from whence she is sometimes called Zancleæ.

V. 843. *Into your hands no amorous poet take.*] Ovid names the very poets, whom he advised the lovers to read in his Art of Love, as Callimachus, Philetas, Tibullus, Propertius, and Gallus; and for the same reason that they were good then, are bad now. The moderns may be allowed to read them, because there are several historical events to be met with in their, and not to learn their sentiments.

V. 879. *He knew his sceptre, &c.*] He means that of Agamemnon which was made by Vulcan, who presented it to Jupiter, and he gave it to Mercury, Mercury to Pelops, and he to Atreus, who left it at his death to Thyestes, and Thyestes gave it to Agamemnon, to shew his royal power in Argos, according to the report of Homer in the 2d book of his Iliads.

F I N I S.

